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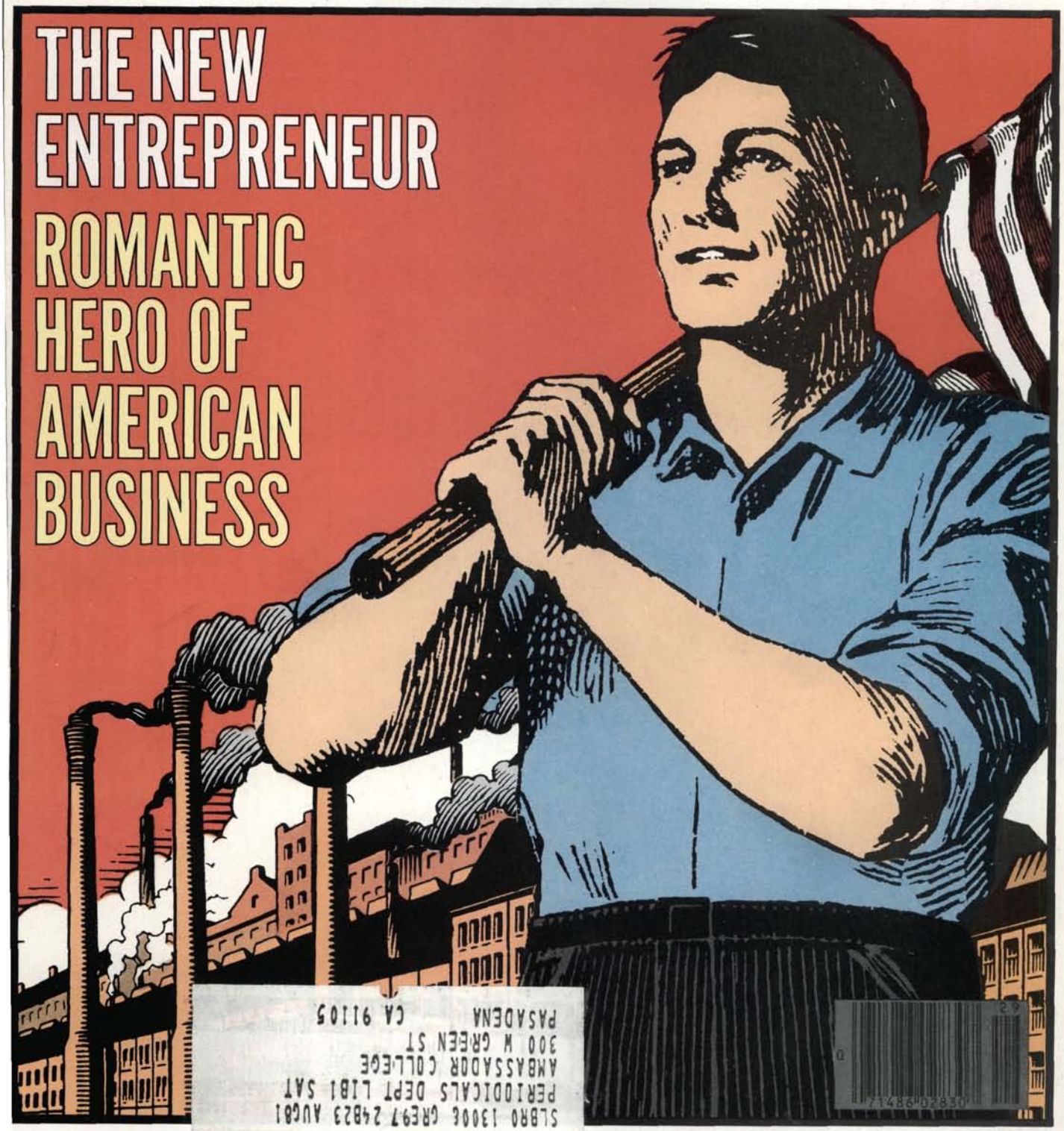

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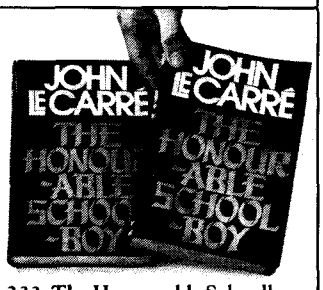

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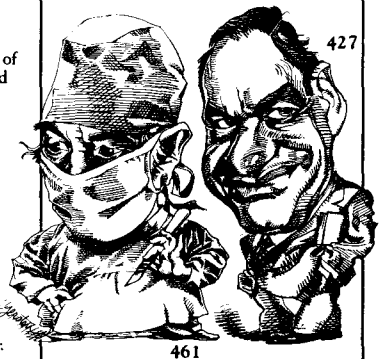

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Saturday Review

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Aurally Accurate

One does not usually expect a high level of scholarship in movie reviews, but when the reviewer is Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., one does expect higher standards. In his critique of *Pretty Baby* ["Sweet Bordello Baby," May 27], Schlesinger argues that "except for the tinkling jazz and a few blacks moving softly in the background, Malle's Storyville might almost be a *quartier* of Marseilles. Even the accents are only intermittently southern." In this statement, Schlesinger shows far less feel for New Orleans and its social history than the filmmakers did. The girl Violet is based on a woman interviewed in old age by Al Rose for his book *Storyville, New Orleans: Being an Authentic Illustrated Account of the Notorious Redlight District* (1974). The photographer in the film is closely patterned on the historical Ernest Bellocq; the scenes of some of his most famous photographs are re-created with uncanny precision.

Schlesinger not only has skipped his homework but also has no ear for southern accents. Southerners are tired of hearing everything from tidewater Virginia to Miami played with the voice of Scarlett O'Hara; *Pretty Baby* is a great improvement on that convention. The genuine New Orleans accent is wholly unlike that of the rural countryside 50 or 100 miles away. The authentic New Orleans accent sounds a bit like someone of French extraction who was raised in New York and moved to Atlanta about five years ago. The only aural inaccuracy in the film is doubtless deliberate. The actual Bellocq is said to have had a squeaky voice and a strong French accent. Carradine wisely opted not to try that.

Alan W. Heldman
Birmingham, Ala.

The Cost of Health Care

Two fine recent articles by Robert Claiborne ["The Great Health Care Ripoff," January 7, and "Why We Can't Afford National Health Insurance," May 13] certainly make provocative reading. But Claiborne's picture of the world's richest country trying to develop a workable health service, becoming frustrated, and giving up in despair is hard to accept. Surely a nation that put men on the moon can also put health care in the hands of its citizens.

Claiborne makes passing reference to the national health services of Sweden and Britain. Would it not be more helpful to examine the system of his northern neighbor? Canada has had publicly funded hospital and medical services for many years, and no one talks of abandoning them. The specter of crushing health costs has been dispelled for Canadian families; in most provinces they don't even pay premiums because the funding comes from general tax revenue on the basis of ability to pay.

Claiborne suggests several ways to deliver care at more manageable costs, but only at the end of the second article does he suggest we could reduce the need for care by changing our life-style and accepting more responsibility for maintaining our own good health. If we added improvements in workplace health and safety, might not these be the most promising paths to pursue?

Murray Smith
Health Sciences Centre
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

I read with interest Robert Claiborne's articles on the cost of our health care system. I agree with the assessment of the problem but not with the proposed solution. I feel that in order to give patients the best care, one must evaluate their particular needs. As presently proposed, HMOs are set up for routine preventive care—blood pressure checks, lab work, and immunizations. A patient with a long-term illness requires the ongoing relationship that one gets from physicians in private practice. Of course, nurses and technicians help care for the chronically ill, but they do so under the direction of an M.D. Emergency curative care is improving as more and more physicians' assistants are trained.

In addition to the objections stated in Claiborne's article, HMOs can have an impersonal atmosphere, which makes patients feel like objects, and may impair the quality of health care.

Jean E. Dulaff
Albuquerque, N. Mex

Robert Claiborne replies: I think the Canadian health care system deserves great credit for containing costs while maintaining quality. But I am not certain that this system is applicable to the United States for many reasons—not

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the least of which is that we are so much bigger.

Dulaff has been misinformed about HMOs; they do *not* deal simply with "routine preventive care." A letter to the Group Health Cooperative in Puget Sound would provide more information. I agree that patients need ongoing relationships with a doctor—but not that the doctor necessarily has to be in private practice.

Credit to the Choreographer

I was surprised to note in Owen Edwards's interesting article ["A Salute to the High Craftsmen of Photography," May 13] that he credits the photographer Baron Adolf De Meyer with the choreographic stylizations in his photos of *L'Après-midi d'un faune.*

Dancers and scholars value the *faune* photographs for the record they provide of Nijinsky's inimitable choreography. Ballet dancers experienced tremendous difficulty in assuming the very unballetic poses Nijinsky formed—stances with legs and feet parallel rather than turned out, with upper torsos twisted in opposition to the direction taken by the pelvis. It required time and effort for the dancers to learn to move in accordance with this unusual style.

Does Edwards think a photographer—even a remarkable one—could have "posed" the friezelike passage De Meyer photographed? Indeed, if "his dance studies are stylized," De Meyer had the choreographer to thank for the stylizations. We should be grateful to the photographer for preserving Nijinsky's rare choreographic vision on film but not for devising the poses.

Valentina Litvinoff
New York, N.Y.

Art for Art's Sake?

In response to Carll Tucker's editorial "A Huzzah for Happy Endings" [The Back Door, April 1], it is nice that there are still some movies that can make him feel good about the world. But I would like to suggest to Tucker that an essay projecting this kind of opinion can probably do a great deal of harm to the plight of the artist. What is being offered here is the same old bromide that the work of the artist is supposed to provide entertainment for the viewer or the listener. Art as entertainment—or entertainment presented as art—is always available for those who find it pleasing. But there are artists whose art can only find its expression in a reflection of the world around them.

If Tucker wishes to seek out the kind of fare that makes him feel good, that is certainly his prerogative. But it is too bad that he has chosen to use his power as editor of a large and influential magazine to promote the idea that the gap between "serious" art and popular taste is impossible to bridge. Instead, perhaps the promotion of *education* in the arts would provide more valuable input.

Lisa Bennett
Berkeley, Calif.

Carll Tucker replies: Art that does not entertain is not art. By *entertain*, I mean hold the attention. The problem with too much contemporary art is that it makes no attempt to appeal to audiences' attention. It sits inertly, expecting audiences to come to *it*, preferably in a posture of homage.

Great art can be obscure or accessible, but it is never not entertaining. That Bennett thinks that by *entertainment* I mean sentimentality is a sad indicator of the breadth of the gap between many artists and those who might benefit from their creations.

The Morality of Diplomacy

Don Cook's petulant attack on Arthur Goldberg ["Making America Look Foolish: The Case of the Bungling Diplomat," May 13] for asserting, in accordance with the instructions of his government, the primacy of human rights over commercial and other interests at the Belgrade conference makes *Saturday Review* itself look foolish.

It was precisely Goldberg's lifelong commitment to human decency, which has marked every phase of his distinguished career, that made him the logical choice to underline the administration's position at Belgrade. Cook would abandon victims of naked oppression in order to open new doors for their oppressors. Arthur Goldberg and Jimmy Carter reject that view, and, I am sure, so do the overwhelming majority of the American people.

Albert J. Zack
AFL-CIO
Washington, D.C.

I agree with Don Cook that by imposing our moral standards upon other nations we are confusing jus gentium with jus civile. Aside from the fact that we have our own subtle violations of human rights, this crusade seems as destructive as any since it ignores the real situation in Russia. To insist on individuals' rights is to misunderstand the Communist ideology of society versus the individual. What we call "rights" are through the looking glass of communism bourgeois privileges that oppose the sacrifices necessary to bring about a better society. What we call an act of oppression toward individuals is a mere curtailment of bourgeois privileges in favor of the masses, an act of freeing them from their self-centered outlook.

Your cartoon should have shown the foreign policy maker blindfolded and with bananas in his ears.

Heidi Owren
Kent, Wash.

Necessary Death

The title that Albert Rosenfeld chose for his article ["Are We Afraid of Living Longer? The Strange Resistance to Aging Research," May 27], as well as the piece itself, skirts the real question posed by his last sentence. Dynamic life, either social or physical, for a society depends upon the timely death of its individual members.

The little clock that sends us on our way when our room becomes more valuable than our company has its indispensable counterparts throughout life. The biological systems of molecules, cells, and animals depend upon death for their adaptability. Synthesis and growth must always be balanced by decay and death or else there can be no true growth and no adjustment to change in the surroundings.

Carl Bonhorst
Portland, Oreg.

The Fox vs. Superweasel

I was amazed at the similarities between "The Man from Muck" [From Runners, April 29] and the book *Alvin Fernald, Superweasel*, by Clifford B. Hicks. The Man from Muck, a mysterious Chicagoan known as The Fox, wages a one-man war against polluters; he delights in scooping up "pollution guck" and letting it fly against the companies that produce it. He apparently derives his name from the heavily polluted Fox River and leaves a limerick at the scene of each retaliation.

In comparison, twelve-year-old Alvin Fernald (alias Superweasel) acquires his name from the Weasel River. For his high school project on pollution, Alvin chooses to secretly retaliate against his town's polluters. Superweasel keeps in close contact with *Daily Bugle* reporter Mr. Moser, and Alvin's sister, fond of writing poetry, leaves this verse at the home of the chemical plant's president:

Here are some fish, some poor dead fish
You killed them with a smell;
You must be proud, you nasty man,...
I hope you go to jail.

David Sanne
Greeneville, Tenn.

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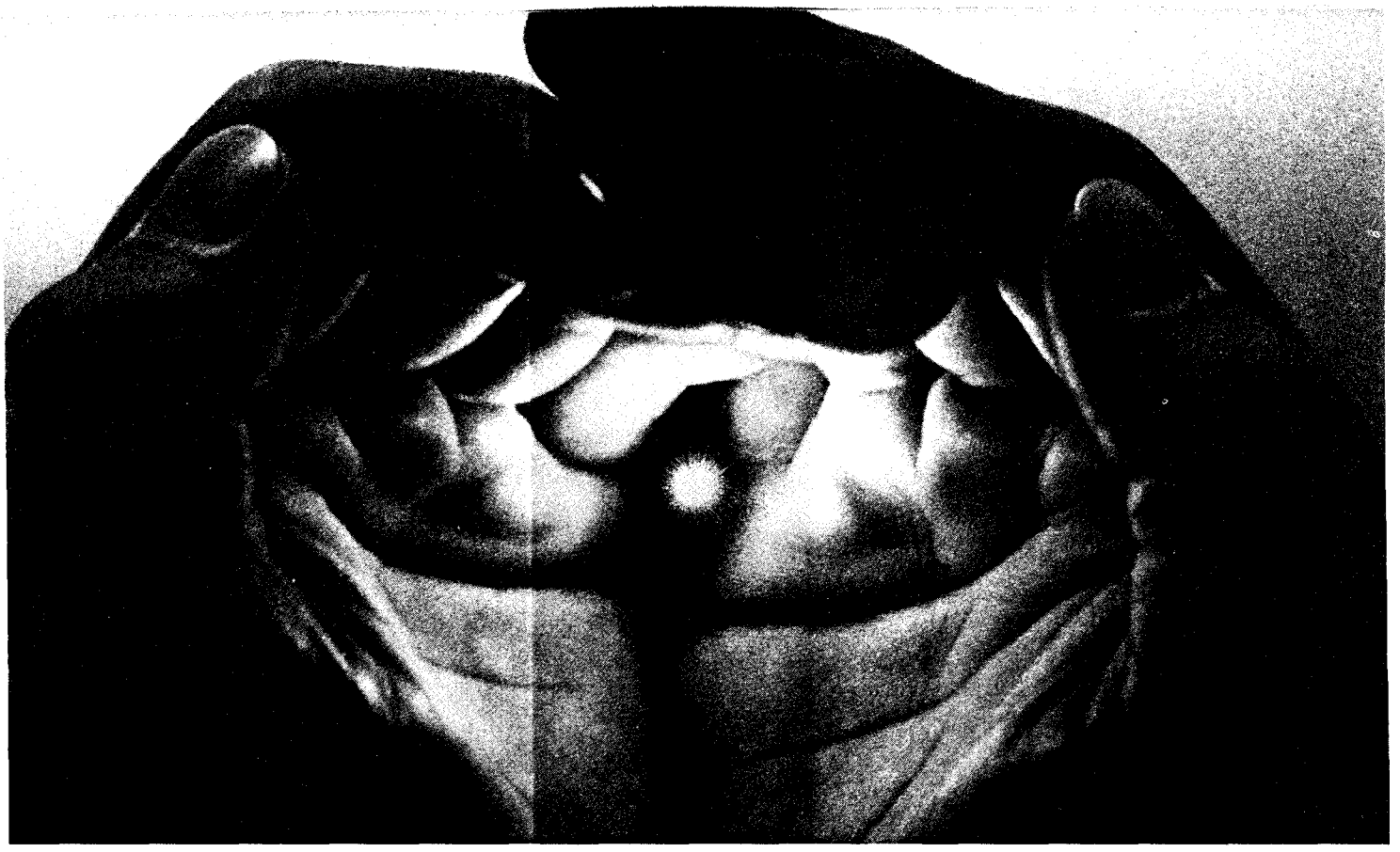

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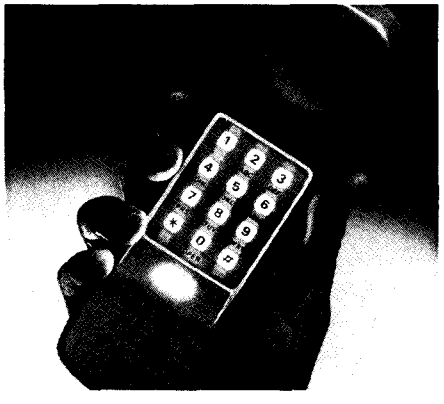

Imagine a light bulb with a life expectancy of from 20 to over 100 years of continuous operation. One that ran on 1/10 the energy of a regular light bulb and virtually never needed replacement.

Light-Emitting Diodes

Such a light actually exists. It's called a light-emitting diode (LED) and in the last few years, these tiny lights have become an important part of your phone system.

Western Electric started manufacturing LED's in 1972. And since then, working with Bell Labs, we've discovered hundreds of new uses for them that have saved Bell telephone users millions of dollars.

Practical Applications

Take Western Electric's Trimline® telephones. To light the dial in our new models, we replaced the old incandescent bulbs with longer-lasting LED's. And since LED's may last up to 50 times longer, telephone companies' installation and maintenance costs have been reduced significantly.

Another way LED's save money is by saving energy. They consume about 1/10 the energy of incandescent bulbs.

And LED's can withstand the inevitable bumps and bruises that telephones always seem to receive.

LED's have also played a vital role in the development of new features and services in some of Western Electric's most sophisticated telephone equipment.

The Dimension® PBX console, for example, contains heat-sensitive solid-state equipment. A lot of these circuits could not stand up to the high temperatures of incandescent bulbs.

LED's, on the other hand, operate at temperatures low enough so as not to damage the nearby circuitry.

These advantages, along with long life, give product designers more flexibility. And that permits us to build more features and services into the equipment we produce for Bell System customers.

Continuing Innovation

Today, over 300 different types of Bell System equipment utilize LED's.

Innovations like this are the result of close collaboration between Western Electric, Bell Labs and your local Bell telephone company.

Working together to keep your phone system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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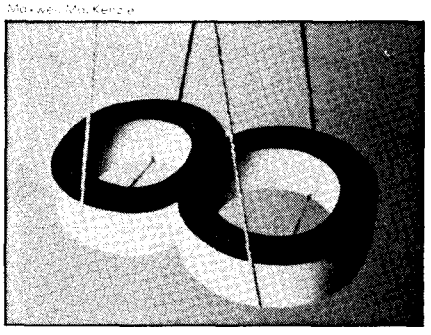

Mournful Numbers

Great puzzlement at a Hanover, New Hampshire, hospital when patients balked at undergoing surgery in operating room number eight. The hospital had long since bowed to popular taste by phasing out thirteen as an operating room number. But why the aversion to *eight*? The trouble was quickly traced to Robin Cook's popular novel (and movie) *Coma*, in which operating room eight is the scene of Dastardly Goings-on that we won't describe here for fear of spoiling the movie for you—let alone your appetite. Taking its cue from the balky patients, the hospital quietly changed the room number from eight to eighteen, and now things are going swimmingly.

Breakthrough

Two quasi-amateurs in Britain have developed a device for putting Chinese ideographs into a computer—and getting them out in English translation. In addition to turning Chinese into English, their invention could well revolutionize communications for the many millions of people (roughly 30 percent of the world's population) who speak and read Chinese. Instantaneous, point-to-point Telex messages in written Chinese are at last possible, and the typesetting of Chinese characters—formerly a laboriously slow hand process—can from now on be accomplished electronically.

The heroes of this remarkable story are Robert Sloss, fifty, and Peter Nancarrow, thirty-eight, both of whom are attached to the Faculty of Oriental Studies at the University of Cambridge. Together they have been engaged for several years in compiling a new Chinese-English dictionary that will reflect contemporary terminology and usage.

As their work progressed, the dictionary team gathered together a large collection of English-into-Chinese technical glossaries. A computer seemed the obvious tool for digesting all this data, for re-sorting it in the proper order, and for turning it around into Chinese-English entries. "To our considerable astonishment," Sloss relates, "we discovered after a worldwide search that there was no sensible way of putting Chinese characters into a computer."

Necessity became the mother of invention. Relying on common sense and without massive grants or sophisticated equipment, Sloss and Nancarrow devised a method of digitizing Chinese characters in a way that could be "read" by a computer. The most commonly used characters—4,356 in all—were laid out on a grid, each box of which could be identified in digital form. The grid was then wrapped around a rotating drum, and a laterally moving scanner, or "cursor," was added so that an operator could swiftly zero in on the wanted ideograph. "It's a fairly simple concept," Sloss says, "but until we did it, nobody believed you could get valid digital readings from Chinese characters."

Now back to the revolution in Chinese communications. Digital readings from the Sloss-Nancarrow device are fed into a computer that has been programmed to write Chinese characters. An operator selects a character on the rotating drum and presses a button. Instantaneously, the same character is reproduced at the other end of the electronic circuit. In short, a Chinese Telex. Already, rights to the invention have been acquired by a major international communications firm, Cable and Wireless, Ltd.

The same digital techniques used for Telexing can also be adapted for typesetting (and perhaps even for typewriting) Chinese characters. Because it lacks an alphabet, Chinese cannot be composed on a keyboard. There is no such thing as a Chinese Linotype. Books and newspapers have literally to be hand-set from formidable fonts of metal type. Now, thanks to this new technology, Chinese newspapers should be able to make the giant leap from metal type to computer print-outs (as have many papers in America). "The capability is there," Nancarrow says. "It's simply a matter of solving the economics."

Meanwhile, the inventors are back at work on the dictionary—and on a system for translating Chinese into English by means of data processing techniques. Chinese and English are both noninflected languages that employ the same basic sentence structure. Because of their syntactical similarities, a computer can—with some relatively simple programmed transpositions—substitute English for Chinese and produce a rough translation.

To quote Sloss again: "It works only where each character carries a quantum of meaning, so that by processing characters you are effectively processing meaning. It won't work for philosophy or literature, but it does an adequate job of translating straightforward prose, such as scientific descriptions."

Here is the opening sentence taken from a Chinese textbook on magnetism, followed by the computer's translation of it into somewhat halting but enormously useful pidgin English:

在日常生活中，我們經常碰到「磁」，
例如用指南針　辨別方向，
用半導體收音機收聽廣播，
用電視機觀看節　目等。

Within everyday life, we often encounter (to) "magnetism," for example use(ing) compass needle(s) distinguish direction(s), use(ing) semiconductor(s), radio(s), hear broadcast(ing)/s, use(ing) television set(s) watch program(s), etc.

"It's a halfway house," Sloss concedes, "but the process can at least tell a scientific researcher whether the text in question is worth a careful human translation."

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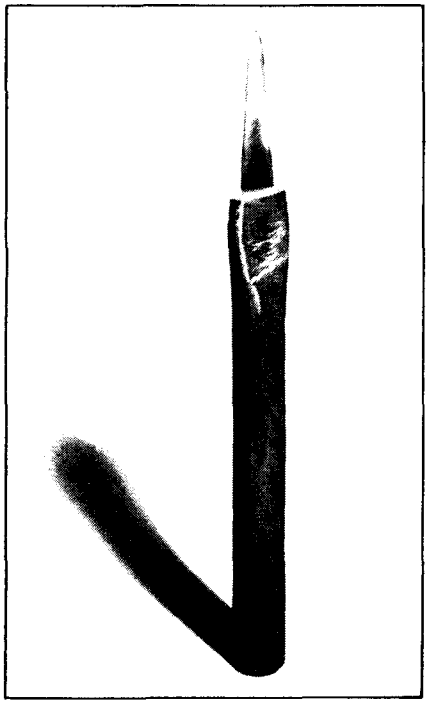
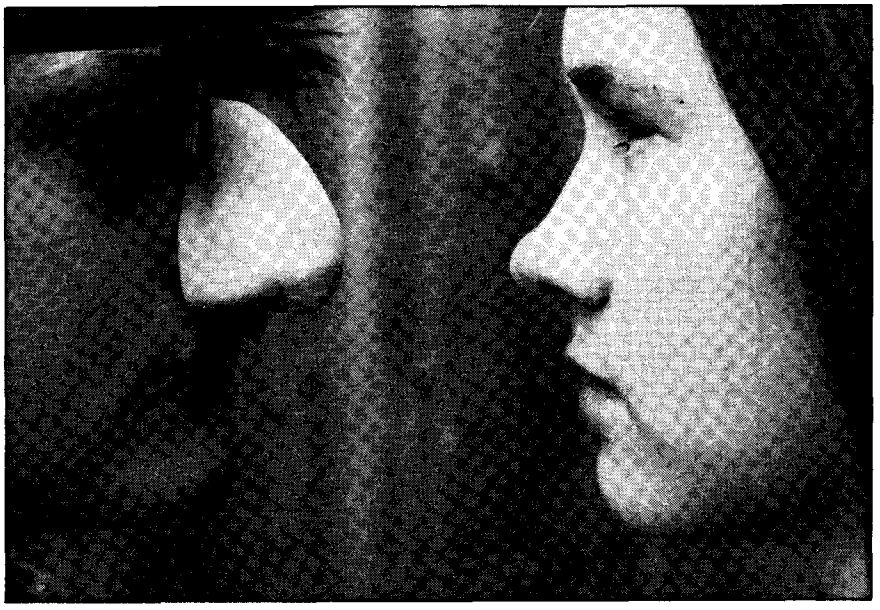
A Life Erased

People who browse among tombstones have long been fascinated by this gravestone inscription in a Bronx, New York, cemetery: GEO. SPENCER, SON OF CORNELIUS J. AND CARRIE L. MILLETT (1894–1909). LOST LIFE BY STAB IN FALLING ON INK ERASER, EVADING 6 YOUNG WOMEN TRYING TO GIVE HIM BIRTHDAY KISSES IN OFFICE METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING

Now, thanks to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's newsletter, the puzzle is solved. Yes, there was a George Spencer Millett, and yes, he did meet his Maker in 1909, at age fifteen, while fending off six kissing bandits at his birthday party in Met Life's offices. But how do you get done in by falling onto an eraser? The answer is that turn-of-century clerks wrote with India ink pens and erased their mistakes by scraping the ink away with sharp-tipped implements the size and general shape of a railroad spike [see below]. These erasers were kept standing on end when not in use, so when young Millett fell squarely onto one while evading an amorous sally—or her name may have been Mary—he abruptly departed the company's employ.



Maxwell MacKenzie



With Such Friends...

In its earnest attempts to convert Jews to Christianity, a midwestern Lutheran church group has strongly antagonized the American Jewish Committee. The furor dates from the recent publication by the 2.8-million member Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod of *Witnessing to Jewish People*, a training manual for Lutheran proselytizers. The manual introduces Lutherans to "Mr. Average Jew," one Abe Goldstein, who is depicted as having tangled, curly black hair, glasses, and a prominent nose. The reader learns that Goldstein and other "average Jews" are mainly interested in tennis, golf, and greenbacks and are agnostics who don't care about politics or about going to the synagogue.

Not surprisingly, the AJC came out fighting. "The [campaign] is a moral affront to the Jewish people," said one committee spokesman. "The manual," said another AJC official, "employs base stereotypes.... It is replete with caricatures and inaccuracies."

Tempers were not improved when it developed that the manual's writers had made heavy use of methods and materials borrowed from a rabbi-led group called Jews for Jesus—a long-time AJC bête noire that, as its title suggests, specializes in converting Jews to Christianity.

The synod's response to the uproar has been conciliatory, and a spokesman has promised to delete the offending sections from the manual: "We... can see that to some Jewish people the drawings could be interpreted as caricatures.... Since the [booklet] is offensive to them, we are willing to change it." Presumably, President Carter's evangelist sister, Ruth Carter Stapleton, is, in her own campaign to convert Jews to Christianity, keeping in mind the lessons so painfully learned by the Lutheran group.

Front Runners Submissions

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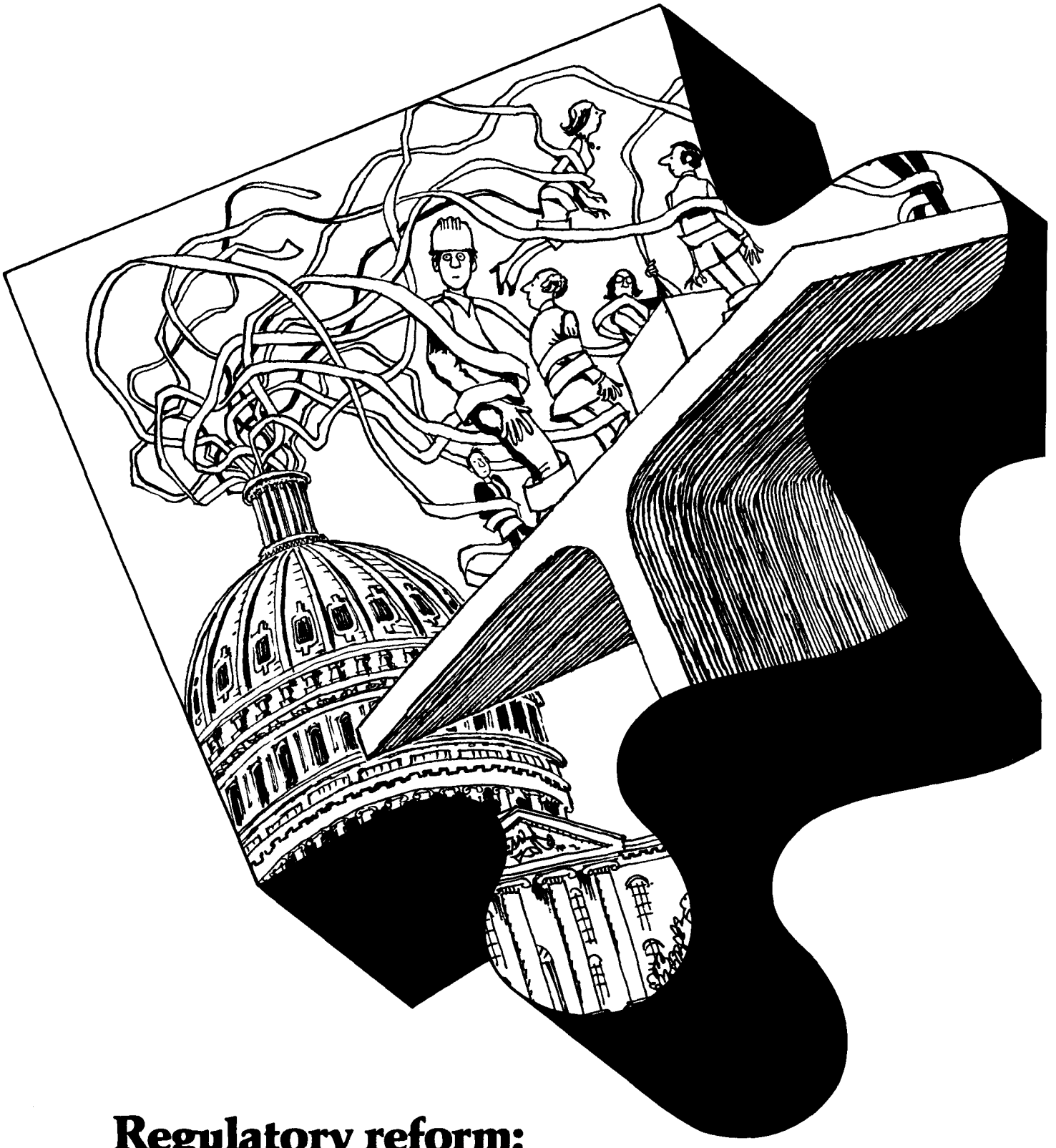
Steel must comply with 5,60(
Federal agencies. It's a wonde



Regulatory reform:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.

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regulations from 27 ve get anything done.

The Declaration of Independence set forth America's grievances against King George of England. Included was the charge that he had "erected a Multitude of new Offices and sent hither Swarms of Officers to harrass our people...."

That quote still carries a valid warning for all of us about the danger of too much government regulation—not only in our business lives, but in our private lives.

Overregulation by government is no joke.

According to a study recently completed at Washington University in St. Louis, the cost to business for complying with government regulations exceeds $62 billion a year—or about $300 for every man, woman, and child in the U.S. Beyond that, the government itself spends about $3.2 billion a year to administer those regulations.

But no matter who spends those dollars initially, all of us as American consumers and taxpayers eventually pick up the tab.

Our ultimate cost may be paid for in the sacrifice of individual freedom as government intrudes into more and more areas of private and business life.

*Source: Council on Wage and Price Stability

Why we're concerned.

Bethlehem and other domestic steel producers now are required to comply with more than 5,600 regulations from 27 agencies of the U.S. Government.*

These 5,600 Federal regulations pertain only to the *making* of steel. Thousands of other regulations impact upon our mining, transportation, and marketing operations. We also cope with additional thousands of state and local regulations.

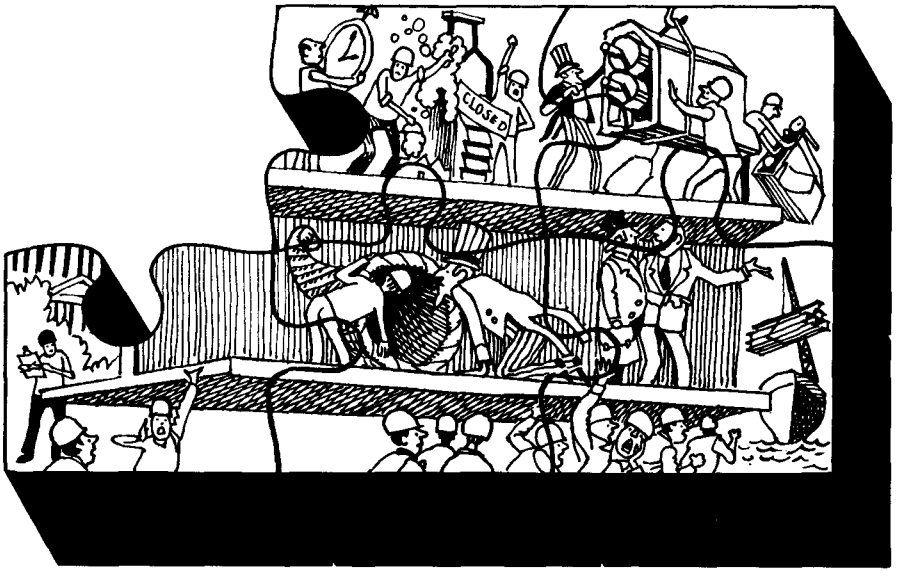
The time and money we spend hacking through the regulatory jungle adds needless cost to the making of steel—and that takes money out of everyone's pocketbook.

Must business strangle to death in red tape?

We say no. Some regulation is always needed. But things have gone too far. Today, regulatory *reform* is needed. And needed fast. Business and government should work together to reduce the burden and high cost of red tape—it won't come about by itself. What's needed is the support of all Americans.

If you agree that overregulation by government is a serious problem, make your views known where they count. Write your representatives in Washington and your state capital.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL
In search of solutions.

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The New Entrepreneur: Romantic Hero of American Business

by Gurney Breckenfeld

OUR FABULOUSLY SUCCESSFUL ECONOMY has always been powered by entrepreneurs—people of vision and daring whose drive to make a fortune has also helped to enrich the nation. In recent years though, the notion has taken root that opportunities for entrepreneurs to be a productive force in America have dwindled. The charge is heard that confiscatory taxes, jaded consumer appetites, and cutthroat competition from giant corporations have closed the road to success for would-be innovators. The proposition is wrong on all counts: The nation still abounds with entrepreneurial opportunities—especially in real estate development, new kinds of services, and electronics technology—and every year thousands seize these opportunities.

Last year, 475,388 new companies were incorporated—more than double the number 20 years earlier. Each year since 1960 (except for the recession year 1974), the number of business incorporations has steadily increased. To be sure, about 30 percent of new businesses fail within their first year, and half of them close down within two years. But the proportion has remained relatively steady. The government's index of net new business formation, which subtracts the dropouts from the newcomers, has risen by 42 percent over the past two decades. Recently it has been running at an all-time high.

Today's successful entrepreneurs differ in numerous ways, some obvious, some subtle, from the industrial tycoons of a century or half a century ago [see "Legends from the Gilded Age," page 16]. On average, the modern business leaders are less flamboyant, more anonymous, and very possibly harder working. Nowadays, many persons who run their own businesses seem driven by a compulsive desire to succeed. The challenge of overcoming obstacles is more of a goad to their efforts than the prospect that new wealth will let them indulge sybaritic fantasies. "The fear of being a failure is what drives me," observes Ken Brown, thirty-three, a college dropout who was recently grossing some $3.5 million a year from various motorcycle ventures. "Money is just a way of keeping score."

Another big difference between nineteenth- and twentieth-century magnates: Today remarkably few big-money men, even the wealthiest of them, live ostentatiously—and this trend seems likely to endure at a time when the rich must again worry about kidnapping and other threats to their personal safety. But a second home and a taste for fancy automobiles are of course commonplace.

The biggest difference between today's and yesterday's entrepreneur has to do with his or her field of endeavor. As the nation moves into the postindustrial era, the main action no longer lies in steel, autos, railroads, shipping, and other basic industries or heavy manufacturing but in advanced technologies, in new kinds of services, and even in the arts. Despite inflation and recessions, the nation's economic growth creates enormous needs and challenges. Changing trends in business, new legislation, demographic shifts, and new scientific discoveries give risk takers a bedazzling array of fresh chances. Quantum leaps in technology—notably in electronics—have opened dozens of new industries over the past several years. And the pace of change grows faster every decade.

The great shift of job opportunities and population into the Sunbelt and the trickle of migrants back to rural areas all over the country have brought myriad opportunities, including many that would be unremarkable elsewhere. Spartanburg, South Carolina, for example, now has a thriving delicatessen called Oakie's that specializes in such delicacies as lox, veal bratwurst, and strudel dough. The place draws customers from 100 miles away.

The spread of jet airports and the near completion of the country's interstate highway network have opened up large areas deep in the countryside not only to manufacturing but also to trade and service firms. This process could reshape the life-style and the business map of the nation. Some analysts expect that many distinctions between central cities, inner suburbs, and outer suburbs will gradually fade away. Becoming more like cities, suburban communities will depend less and less on nearby central cities and more and more on places to which they are connected by an increasingly complex network of roads, cables, planes, satellites, and computers. "You go where you think it's nice and do your thing," explains David Birch, a young Massachusetts Institute of Technology researcher who has studied the phenomenon extensively.

Many entrepreneurs, of course, toil all their lives with no more hope of striking it rich than the neighborhood laundryman or the proprietor of a mom-and-pop corner grocery. But thousands become millionaires, sometimes almost overnight. In the past 15 years, the number of individuals in the United States with a net worth of $1 million or more has nearly quadrupled, from 54,000 people in 1962 to nearly 200,000 people at the last estimate. In 1975, there were 1,149 U.S. taxpayers who reported annual *incomes* of $1 million or more, nearly twice as many as in 1970.

Ever since World War II, the most enticing entrepreneurial field for making big money has been real estate, which offers larger returns for less effort than almost any other endeavor thanks mainly to tax laws. The key to getting rich in this field is leverage, which is the ability to multiply the earning power of a small personal investment by operating mainly

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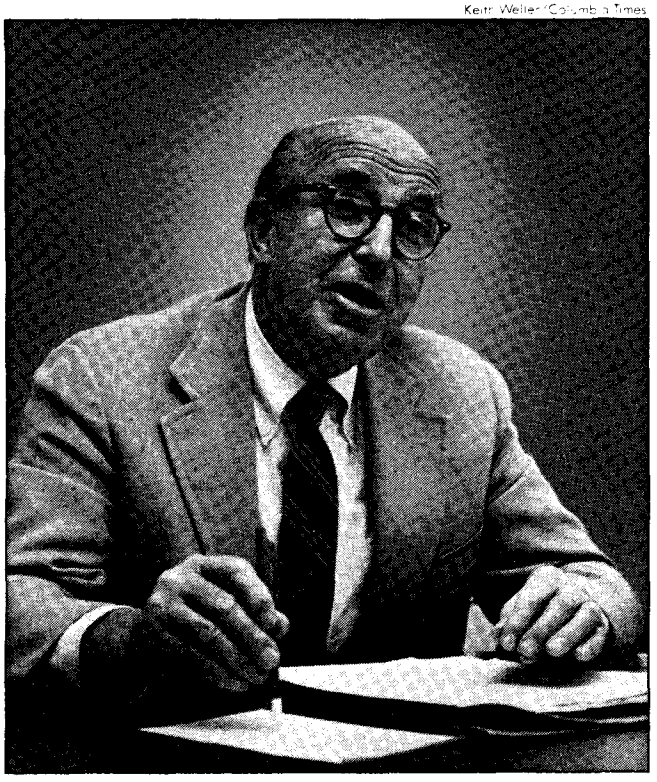

James W. Rouse—His city "raises a banner for a new America."

with borrowed capital. When a developer puts up, say, an office building or a shopping center, his nominal after-tax profits may vanish for several years because he can take depreciation on the total cost of the structure and in addition write off the interest on his loan. But in sound projects this procedure generally leaves a tax-sheltered flow of cash return for several years. Moreover, when the high quality of an income-producing project generates high rents from tenants, lenders often place a value upon the project (based on its net income before depreciation and debt repayment) that exceeds the cost of the land and construction. In such cases, developers may be able to borrow as much as or more than the cost of the project and pocket the difference. The phenomenon, known in the trade as "mortgaging out," is neither illegal nor immoral in a private, arm's-length transaction, though Washington has barred it since the early Fifties in the area of federally assisted housing.

GIVEN SUCH ECONOMIC underpinnings, it is scarcely surprising that thousands of entrepreneurs have wrested fortunes from the development of land, housing, and commercial facilities during the past three decades. Of them all, only James Wilson Rouse has combined all of these achievements with an unrivaled missionary zeal for making—and by example teaching others how to make—cities and suburbs more agreeable places to live and work. A canny financier and master low-key salesman, Rouse is also an urban philosopher of extraordinary eloquence. "The only valid purpose of any civilization," he has said, "is to grow better people—more creative, more productive, more inspired, more loving people."

In contrast with the meteoric rise to riches of some plungers and adventurers, Rouse, now sixty-four, built his career step by step, raising his sights as he learned and prospered. Born and reared on Chesapeake's Eastern Shore, in Easton, Maryland, the son of a canned-food broker, Rouse was orphaned at sixteen, while he was still in high school. Struggling to get an education during the darkest days of the depression, he eventually earned a law degree at the University of Maryland while parking cars in Baltimore (for $13.50 for a 54-hour week). After a short stint as a legal clerk for the then young Federal Housing Administration, Rouse talked Baltimore's Title Guaranty and Trust Co. into starting a mortgage department and hiring him to run it. In 1939, with $20,000 borrowed from family and friends, he went into the mortgage banking business. As that enterprise flourished (today it services a loan portfolio of $1.2 billion, one of the nation's largest), Rouse branched out into building shopping centers. With Harundale Mall, in Glen Burnie, Maryland, he became one of the first to demonstrate to skeptical merchants and lenders that shoppers would flock to an enclosed, air-conditioned mall—an arrangement that soon thereafter became the norm.

Shopping centers are still Rouse's bread and butter. As chairman and chief executive of The Rouse Co., a job that pays him $212,000 a year, Jim Rouse has developed and still runs 29 shopping centers in 10 states and two Canadian provinces. Last year these centers accounted for $67.9 million of Rouse Co.'s $84 million in revenues and most of its $5.6 million net profit. Thanks to the magic of depreciation, the cash flow of $11.9 million was largely sheltered from income taxes. At their bid price over the counter, Rouse's holdings of his own company's stock recently were worth some $7.6 million.

Lifting his sights once again, Rouse built the deservedly admired new town of Columbia, Maryland, between Baltimore and Washington. Entirely financed with private money, Columbia occupies 24 square miles of gently rolling hills, woods, streams, and lakes—30 percent of which are dedicated as permanent open space. Today, 11 years after the first families moved in, some 50,000 people live there, and some 700 businesses (including 150 industrial firms) provide 20,000 jobs. When completed in the early Nineties, the town will house over 100,000 people in seven or eight villages clustered around a downtown that is already emerging as the major center in the Baltimore-Washington corridor.

What makes Columbia a standard setter among U.S. new towns is neither its physical layout (which is well thought out but largely unoriginal) nor its architecture (which is conservatively contemporary though seldom stodgy). Innovative institutional arrangements designed to enrich the quality of its inhabitants' lives are Columbia's great triumph. For instance, Rouse has persuaded Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish worshipers to share physical facilities so that more money is available for religious ministry. He got Baltimore's Johns Hopkins to set up not only a satellite hospital but also a comprehensive though voluntary health care plan for Columbia residents. Seizing the opportunity to think afresh about public education, the Howard County school board created a 17-school system in Columbia that has been acclaimed as one of the nation's best. As Rouse himself says, his town "raises a banner for a new America. It isn't a perfect city, but it is a better city. It is a city that works for its people."

Recently, Rouse has confounded conventional wisdom once more by demonstrating that it is possible—if you do it just right—to create crowd-pulling shopping centers in rundown parts of declining old central cities. In Boston, Rouse took over a six-and-a-half-acre site behind historic Faneuil Hall, on which stood three 150-year-old, block-long buildings. Once warehouses for the harbor and the center of the wholesale food trade, these structures had been all but abandoned for a decade. Leaving the stately Greek revival facades intact, Rouse and architect Benjamin Thompson sensitively remodeled the innards of the buildings into a beguiling complex of food markets, restaurants, offices, and

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retail shops. In Philadelphia, Rouse built The Gallery at Market Street East—a four-level, glass-enclosed shopping mall linking two department stores—right in the city's principal (and rather tawdry) shopping district for low-income families. "People who were supposed to be experts said the Faneuil Hall Marketplace would be a flop and that The Gallery would be a disaster," says Rouse. In fact, sales per square foot at both centers have run well above those at most successful suburban shopping centers.

Taken together, these two successful projects seem likely to change the thinking of big retailers about the future of downtown department stores, which in turn could be the harbinger of improved fortunes for some troubled central cities. Baltimore, for one, recently voted to let Rouse replicate his Boston accomplishment by building a marketplace of shops and restaurants on three acres of the city's renascent Inner Harbor.

Though he has made his fortune in the suburbs, nothing would please Rouse more than a renaissance in the central cities. "We are letting our downtowns bleed away by default," he argues. "There's a yearning for life at the heart of the city—a yearning for active places with personality and human scale." If local officials and other developers have the wisdom to follow the trail Rouse has blazed, the future of U.S. cities could be a lot better than their recent past has been.

MANY ENTREPRENEURS STRUGGLE for decades before they discover the niche that brings them big financial rewards. And a lot of them suffer at least one jarring failure in business but bounce back unfazed. A keen sense of timing, of knowing when to cash in one venture, then try another, is often equally critical to success. In all three respects, San Francisco's Victor M. di Suvero, fifty-one, older brother of famed sculptor Mark di Suvero, is a case in point. A convivial companion, a connoisseur of fine food, vintage wines, and four-star restaurants, an engaging conversationalist with serious interests in the fine arts (he has even published two books of his own poetry), Di Suvero is everything one might expect of an Italian baron, a title he holds by inheritance. He was born in Turin but spent most of his early years in China, where in the late Thirties his father commanded Italy's Far East Squadron and later was civil administrator of the Italian concession in Tientsin. Di Suvero came to the United States with his parents in 1941, at the age of thirteen, and later interrupted his education to serve in the U.S. Merchant Marine, during World War II.

Victor M. di Suvero—Cash in big, then go on to new ventures.

His entrepreneurial bent surfaced when he was nineteen and an undergraduate at the University of California, in Berkeley, where he set up a catering service, selling it years later at a profit. A bit naïvely, he then bought a restaurant without realizing that it thrived only during the brief horse-racing season at a nearby track. When the inevitable slump came, Di Suvero showed his considerable talent as a salesman by unloading the place without, he says, taking a loss.

He wasn't so lucky in his next venture. Having progressed from art gallery manager to wallpaper salesman to department manager to proprietor of a small firm that sold interior-decorating advice and sales promotion literature to home builders, Di Suvero set up a Construction Materials Center in downtown San Francisco during the Fifties. An innovative, three-dimensional display of new products available to the building industry, the project succeeded for a time; but in attempting to expand to other cities, Di Suvero overreached himself. He and the center wound up in bankruptcy court.

Undeterred, he obtained a real estate broker's license and set up shop on a shoestring. Over the past 19 years, his realty firm, Di Suvero & Co., has put together numerous imaginative deals, including a circular-shaped motel and the renovation that started transforming the warehouses of the city's former Barbary Coast red-light district into a fashionable showroom and office center. But big commissions alternated with "dry periods that drained me," says Di Suvero. Four years ago, just as the California real estate market tumbled into a recession tailspin, he ran into a onetime client, Allan Zalk, a Los Angeles developer and promoter. Their conversation went like this: "Victor, I need you." "For what?" "A coal company." "No way."

Zalk persisted, and Di Suvero finally agreed to invest $20,000 for a 40 percent interest in the San Francisco-based Standard Coal Co., which opened in 1974 with Di Suvero as executive vice-president (he moved up to president a year later) and 3,600 acres of leased coal lands near Chattanooga as its main asset. Di Suvero, Zalk, and Standard's two other owners recouped their investment in exchange for a half interest in the holdings when they signed a joint venture with Barnwell Industries, a Louisiana-based oil and gas producer, to develop and operate the mines, which yield high-grade metallurgical coal. In the wake of the coal strike, they sold Barnwell their remaining share for a 3 percent royalty on the sale price of every ton of coal the mines ever produce. Di Suvero expects the deal will net him $3,000 to $4,000 a month for 20 years.

His two latest ventures could well turn into even bigger winners. At a time when global inflation is increasing the demand for diamonds and other gems, he has poured $750,000 of his money and borrowed funds into a long dormant sapphire mine in Montana. Di Suvero holds exclusive world marketing rights on the mine's output. He is also the chairman of the board and a major stockholder of the year-old Allied Water Corp., a five-person San Francisco outfit that now has $6 million-worth of orders for its light, compact seawater purification system. Smaller than a TV console and using less electricity than a window air-conditioner, the $9,000 machine squeezes polluted water through a bacteria

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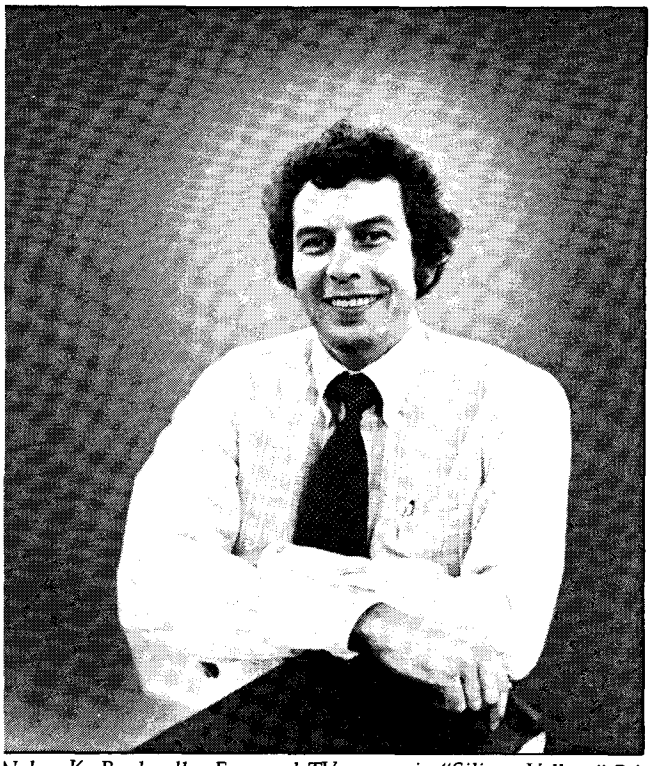

Nolan K. Bushnell—Fun and TV games in "Silicon Valley," CA.

resistant membrane to produce 200 gallons of drinking water a day. Exuberant as ever, Di Suvero insists, "We've created the Singer sewing machine of water desalination."

By far, the most conspicuously successful business innovators of the last decade have been the technological frontiersmen, the owners of leading companies in such fast expanding fields as semiconductors—those miraculous microminiaturized memory components for computers that fit on a sliver of silicon as tiny as a baby's fingernail—lasers, medical instrumentation, magnetic recording, and educational and consumer electronics. The world's largest cluster of such companies—roughly 1,000 in all—is in California's Santa Clara County, along the southwest edge of San Francisco Bay. The area has been nicknamed "Silicon Valley" because it produces about half the nation's semiconductors. The reality is far broader than the label: Santa Clara County is a center of scientific ferment like no place else—a community of physicists, engineers, and other advanced technologists who are shaping the future.

The area became a magnet for high-technology companies in the late Forties and Fifties, after Hewlett Packard and Varian Associates, the two pioneers, moved into Stanford University's industrial park. The arrangement helped facilitate the interchange of ideas between industrial scientists, professors, and students. Attracted by the extraordinarily pleasant physical environment as well as by the growing pool of young technical talent, other companies followed, first in a trickle and then in a rush. As the area achieved a critical mass of technical companies, another phenomenon appeared: the tendency of young scientists to break away and become entrepreneurs on their own. At least in high technology, small companies seem to incubate the skills and nerve that people need to run their own businesses. In Silicon Valley, there have been remarkably few failures too. For instance, Fairchild Semiconductor, itself founded in 1957 by eight young men who left Shockley Transistor Corp., was in turn the seedbed from which no fewer than 38 entrepreneurs departed to start new companies. Today, innovation is coming so rapidly that companies are making electronic games, computerized process-control devices, and other amazing products by using components and entire technologies that didn't exist a few years ago.

Nolan K. Bushnell, thirty-five, chairman of Atari, is only one among dozens of Silicon Valley's new entrepreneurs. Yet in at least four ways, he epitomizes the pattern that has made the area a center of the continuing electronics revolution. Like many others, he (1) first developed his ideas at another firm—in this case Ampex, a pioneer in tape recording; (2) started his own company in a garage; (3) managed to do so on a financial shoestring ($500); and (4) rocketed to riches in just a few years.

Atari pioneered the development of Pong and other video computer games for the home. Bushnell and a partner started the company in 1972, and by the end of 1973 sales had reached $11 million. With sales running at $74 million a year, Bushnell sold Atari to Warner Communications in 1976, for $28 million, becoming an instant multimillionaire and retaining a seven-year contract to remain as chairman at a six-figure salary. Fortified by Warner money, Atari last year introduced its programmable games—a microcomputer-controlled unit programmed by plug-in cartridges to play a wide variety of games on a home TV set. And sales outdistanced those of their competitor, Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corp., which had first introduced programmable units.

LIKE MANY—PERHAPS MOST—successful entrepreneurs, Rouse, Di Suvero, and Bushnell all started earning money while children. Rouse and his late older brother would rise at 5 or 6 A.M. in the summer to pick radishes, beets, and string beans from the family vegetable garden and sell them to a nearby grocer. At fourteen, Di Suvero was driving a tractor on a San Joaquin Valley farm. Bushnell began working in his early teens, partly to support his expensive ham radio hobby. Despite their drive and dedication, all three men have paid a common price for entrepreneurial achievement: a broken marriage.

Whatever the personal sacrifice, the pride of achievement makes most of the new-breed proprietors glad they ventured out on their own. Fred Hittman is president, chairman, and controlling stockholder of the Maryland-based Hittman Corp., whose sales of products to solve energy, environmental, and health problems have tripled to $14 million over the past five years. Hittman speaks for thousands of others in his position when he says, "If I had the struggle to do all over again, I would."

That widespread attitude, no less than the opportunities that changing technology and markets promise for the Seventies, suggests a bright future for entrepreneurial endeavor. Over the next decade or so, the large and certain change in the age mix of the U.S. population will create great shifts in consumer demand. For instance, the children of the post-World War II baby boom are now reaching the age (thirty and up) when they are most likely to buy a home, settle down, and raise a family. In an era of proliferating government regulation, executives regularly grumble that running a company is more demanding and less exhilarating than it once was. But helping business cope with those regulations has opened opportunities for other entrepreneurs with special expertise. These enterprising business people make it through a combination of pluck, luck, talent, and prescience. The challenges will continue to appeal to tomorrow's most spirited and determined men and women. ◉

Gurney Breckenfeld is a member of the Board of Editors of Fortune *magazine.*

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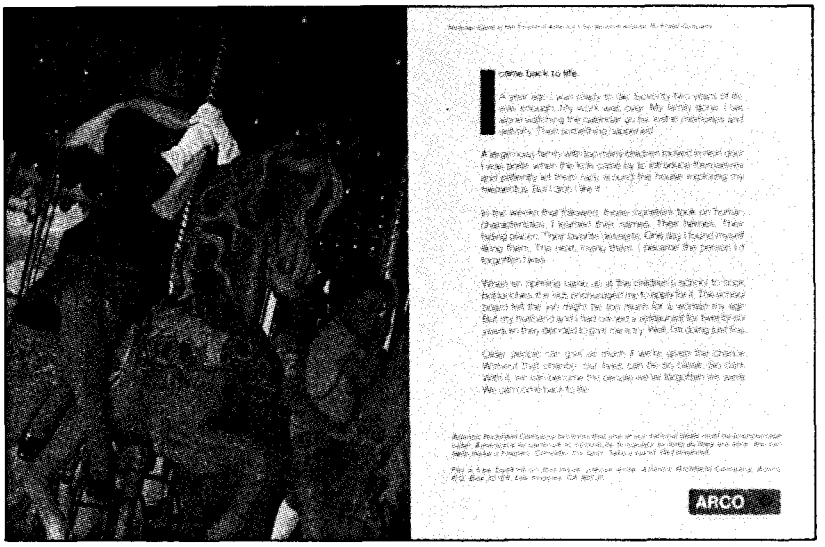
Saturday Review's 24th Annual Advertising Awards

The vitality of a nation's intellectual life depends on the participation of all its members. For years, because they did not participate in that life by speaking out publicly about their larger concerns, profit seekers were widely assumed to have no interests in the world beyond greedy self-interest. Whereas the working press depicted themselves as public servants, profit makers somehow acquired the image of being callous and insensitive. Our national dialogue was poorer for the lack of corporate participation.

One of the great advantages of our free press is that its pages are open not just to editorial contributors but also to advertising contributors. By using the media as a forum for their opinions and proposals, some imaginative corporate and institutional advertisers have shown convincingly that the press does not have exclusive rights to opinions or "public servant" badges. Whether or not one agrees with the sentiments expressed in the public-spirited ads cited in this year's Advertising Awards, the ads do provoke thought, and thought leads to more reasoned, circumspect action.

What we at SR are celebrating with the 1978 Awards is not just four creative approaches to advertising but a spirit of involvement, the sense that all of us—corporations, institutions, public servants, and the free press—are in this together, committed not only to solutions but to each other. —CARLL TUCKER



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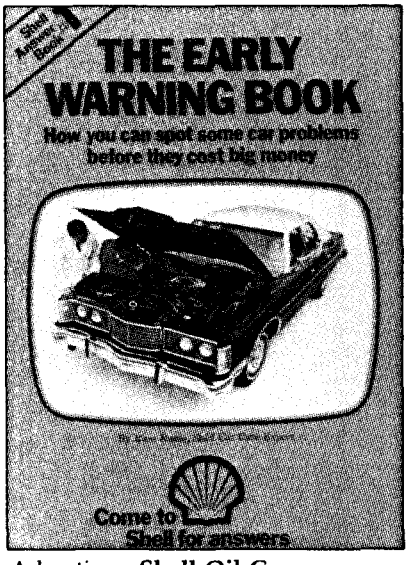
Agency: **Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.**



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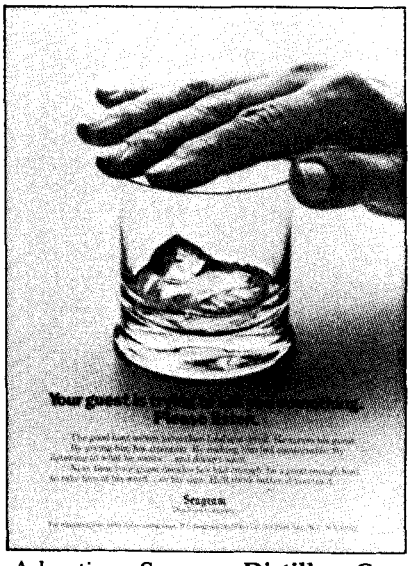
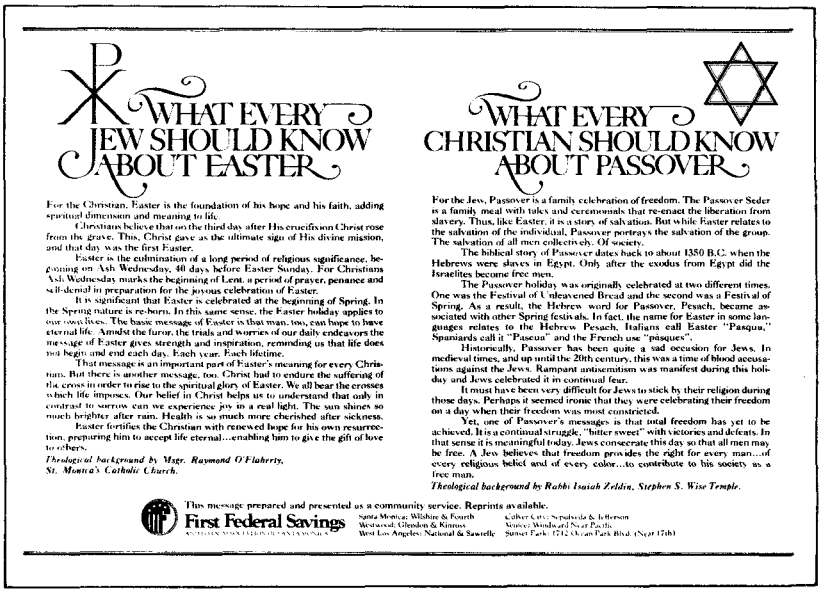
Agency: **Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.**



Advertiser: **Seagram Distillers Compa**
Agency: **Warwick, Welsh & Miller,**



Advertiser: **First Federal Savings and Loan Assn. of Santa Monica**
Agency: **S.M. Newmark & Assoc., Inc.**

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ISSUES

Legends from the Gilded Age

by David E. Koskoff

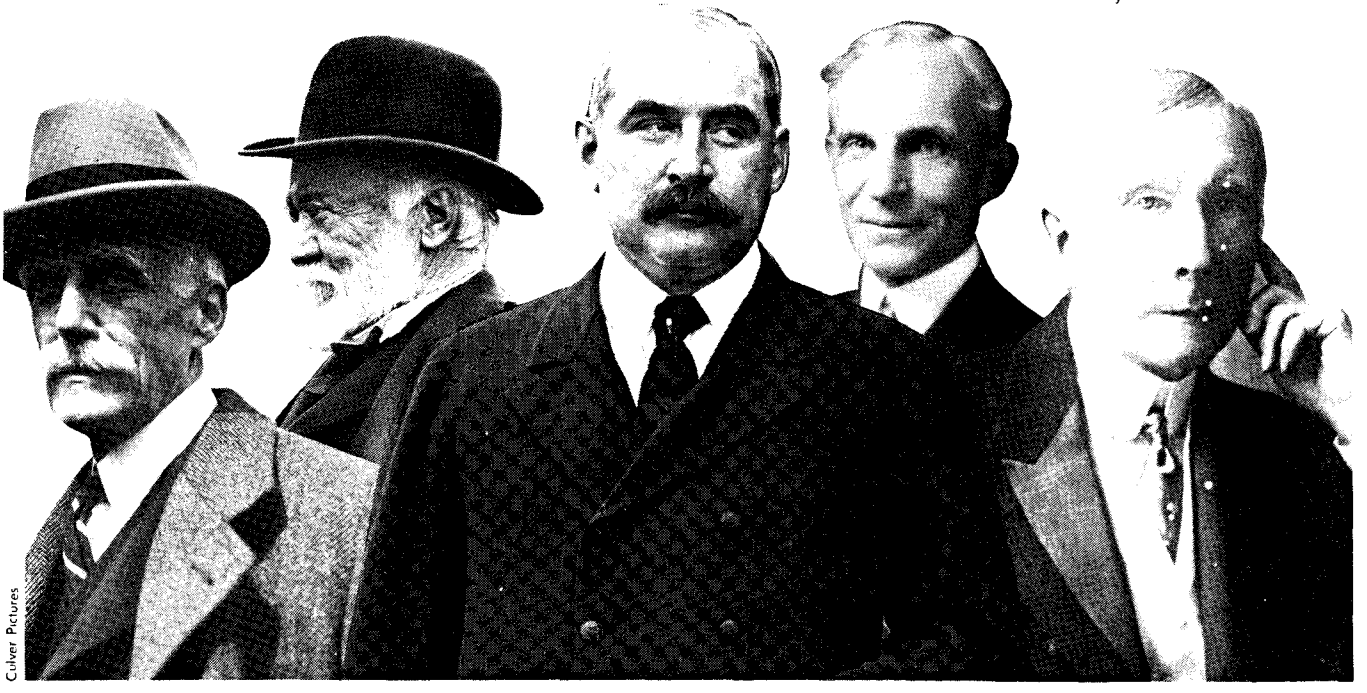
Andrew W. Mellon—Slight, self-effacing, and indecently rich.

Andrew Carnegie—Warm, generous, the most lovable mogul of all.

J. P. Morgan—He liked Old Masters, and old mistresses.

Henry Ford—A genius in the factory but a bumpkin abroad.

John D. Rockefeller—Zapped by three generations of muckrakers.



Culver Pictures

ANYONE WHO KNOWS anything about the history of America's great fortunes will tell you that the "good old days" were those wealth-flaunting late-nineteenth-century decades known as the Gilded Age.

However, mogulologists agree that in the larger sense this Gilded Age began back in 1810, when a ragged sixteen-year-old urchin—later famous as "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt—bought a leaky sailboat and began building his fortune by ferrying passengers and farm produce between Manhattan and his native Staten Island. If we go by this more expansive definition, the Gilded Age lasted into the 1900s, finally shuddering to a stop in 1929 when—well, everyone knows what happened in 1929.

Nowadays, the big-money men, successors to the moguls, rather pride themselves on being bland, featureless, and inconspicuous. But the Gilded Age boasted a raucous and forthright cast of acquisitors that included a prize collection of rascals, roughnecks, and gentlemen-thieves.

Among this colorful crowd five giants stand out: Andrew Carnegie, J. P. Morgan, Andrew W. Mellon, John D. Rockefeller, and Henry Ford.

Andrew Carnegie, born the poorest of Scotland's poor, in 1835, became the world's second-richest man and was dubbed "King of the Vulcans," a moniker he rather liked. An incurable publicity seeker, he was also the most engaging of the titans, an outgoing and generous man, with considerable personal charm and basically good instincts. Carnegie developed the steel industry in the United States and throughout his career remained the clearly dominant factor in the business.

J. P. Morgan ultimately organized a competing entity, Federal Steel Company, and attempted to do Carnegie battle. When Carnegie turned out to be unbeatable, Morgan bought him out, in 1901, for twice what Carnegie had almost agreed to accept only 18 months earlier. The Carnegie steel interests became the heart of Morgan's child, U. S. Steel. Morgan was an abrupt, imposing, and dictatorial man whose appearance was invariably intimidating. Power, dominance, was his first love. He knew how to exercise it, and he enjoyed exercising it. After power, Morgan's principal loves were his Old Masters and his old mistresses, but he was always discreet. When U. S. Steel president Charles Schwab went to Morgan to explain his publicized high jinks at Monte Carlo, Schwab insisted he hadn't done "anything behind closed doors."

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Morgan grumbled back something to the effect that "that is what doors are made for."

Andrew W. Mellon was a "finance capitalist" like Morgan, but they were otherwise as different as their cigars: Mellon's thin, elegant panatelas were as understated as he was. Indeed, many refused to believe that such a slight and self-effacing person was actually Andrew Mellon, heir to his father's fortune; the strongman of Gulf Oil, of Aluminum Company of America, and of a host of other major enterprises—as well as of finance in western Pennsylvania, the heartland of American industry; and the third-richest man in America.

John D. Rockefeller will always be regarded as the prototypical robber baron because of the control he exercised over the oil industry and the ways by which he acquired that control. Through employing all the hard tactics of the monopolist, Rockefeller eventually put his Standard Oil Company in a position to dominate totally the refining, transportation, and distribution of petroleum and its products and, because of that dominance, to control production as well. As head of the Standard Oil Trust, John D. was denigrated by three generations of muckrakers. Commentators described his unusual slit of a grin as a "sharklike smile."

Henry Ford, the last of the giants, invented neither the automobile nor the assembly line, but he put the two together with such success that he was ultimately able to reduce the price of his Model T to $295, bringing the automobile within reach of the common man.

Ford is remembered today for his many colorful anti-intellectual comments ("I wouldn't give five cents for all the art in the world"), which tempt one to write him off simply as history's richest hick. Ford was much more than just a prize yokel however: He was an ignorant and a bizarre bumpkin Populist.

HARD ON THE HEELS of the Morgans and the Carnegies in terms of amassing fortunes came a series of lesser—but even more colorful—moguls. Chief among them was the robust, gaudy Commodore Vanderbilt himself, the man who built the New York Central Railroad. He was a bellowing rube partial to pinching housemaids' bottoms, yet more than once he burst into tears and sobbed, "Oh, Goddamnit! I've been a-swearing again!"

One of the commodore's main rivals was Daniel Drew, who in his youth drove herds of cattle to market, feeding the creatures vast quantities of salt and water en route, to artificially increase their weight for the moment when they clomped onto the slaughterer's scale. This practice of his gave rise to the phrase "watered stock," plenty of which Drew later sold to widows, to orphans, and even to the commodore.

The superrich, aristocratic Du Ponts were quite different from the Vanderbilts and the Carnegies. Deprived of the color that might have been lent them by humbler origins, they made up for the lack by indulging in vicious and well-publicized family feuds and in scandalous divorces—which were sometimes the same thing, inasmuch as Du Ponts often married and divorced Du Ponts, a habit that produced donnybrooks as explosive as the family's gunpowder.

There was even a woman mogul, Hetty Green, appropriately called "the witch of Wall Street," a miserly financial wizard who left a $100-million estate yet who ate almost nothing but graham crackers as an economy measure and whose only dress changed color several times during the decades that she wore it down to "the Street."

Behind the mask of legend, what manner of people were these nineteenth-century moguls? What made them tick? True, most of them, as adoring biographers never tire of reminding us, followed the path of Horatio Alger: early to bed and to rise, hard work, thrift, pluck, and a little luck. However, they shared one further characteristic that was omitted from the good, gray Horatio's novels: ruthlessness, all the way.

Their respect for the law was principally a respect for the law of the jungle. Those with a little sensitivity latched onto Social Darwinist writings as a rationale and moral justification for public-be-damned actions that were—at least by today's standards—plainly reprehensible. With the exception of Carnegie, the moguls were generally unconcerned about public opinion. Their histories are stained by breaches of faith, both with their peers and with their public.

Many of the oldtime entrepreneurs' exploits have a decided gangland aura to them, and confrontations between employees of competing railroad lines or between competing mining groups often read like military history, complete with armed battles, retreats and evacuations, and death and casualty rosters. Many lives were lost on the battle lines between organized labor and "the Pinks"—the Pinkerton men retained by management—at Carnegie's Homestead plant, at Rockefeller and Mellon family mines, and at railroad roundhouses. Rival American groups turned Nicaragua into a battleground in their scramble for shipping rights across that country's narrow waist.

The entrepreneurs of the Gilded Age were not inventors—there were no Edisons, Wrights, Westinghouses among them. Rather, they were supreme organizers, with well-ordered minds and fearsome energy. All believed, or claimed to believe, that the continued consolidation of industry into fewer and fewer and bigger and bigger units was in the best interests of mankind, as well as of themselves. They attempted to integrate their endeavors both horizontally and vertically. Despite their reliance on fine-tooled underlings, all the egregiously successful entrepreneurs were basically loners—wholly integrated personalities—and all of them made their mark when very young men.

Ruthless though they were, it should in fairness be said that the moguls' effect on America was by no means entirely negative. In the act of pursuing self-interest, they pushed the United States to a higher form of economic organization, at a faster than normal rate of growth. Like so many hormone shots, their enterprises brought the country to economic maturity at a rate of speed that was shocking but bracing to the national system. The net result for the consumer was *more* for less, and sooner. John D. may well have been right in his insistence that "the Standard" had done the country far more good than harm. But certainly a great deal of rough, hurtful methods were used in the process.

The example set by such magnates inspired many young people to be productive for themselves and for their country. Even the magnates' excesses had one good effect: They inspired a great deal of excellent fiction and nonfiction. They also dotted the American landscape with innumerable oversized and gaudy residential structures.

It is unlikely that we shall ever again see rich men quite like the old-style magnates: Their success was, ironically, largely responsible for bringing an end to the climate that permitted them to exist in the first place. People are still adventurous, imaginative, and acquisitive, but our chromed times will probably never equal the Gilded Age. For nostalgia buffs at least, the nineteenth century will always remain a verdant memory. ◉

David E. Koskoff is the author of The Mellons: The Chronicle of America's Richest Family, *recently published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

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A case history in advertising effectiveness. The Seagram Distillers Company.

Few industries can exist in a free economy without strong brands. Brand names set the standards of quality and provide consumers with a yardstick for intelligent shopping decisions. Most of all, national brands give insurance that the character of the brand will remain the same whenever and wherever purchased.

Active consumer interest created by national advertising for national brands can also stimulate an entire industry.

Those were the tenets which guided the Seagram Distillers Company in their decision to substantially increase their investment in advertising beginning August 1977.

Magazines were given the primary media assignment. Frank S. Berger, Seagram Distillers Company president, outlined some of the reasons why:

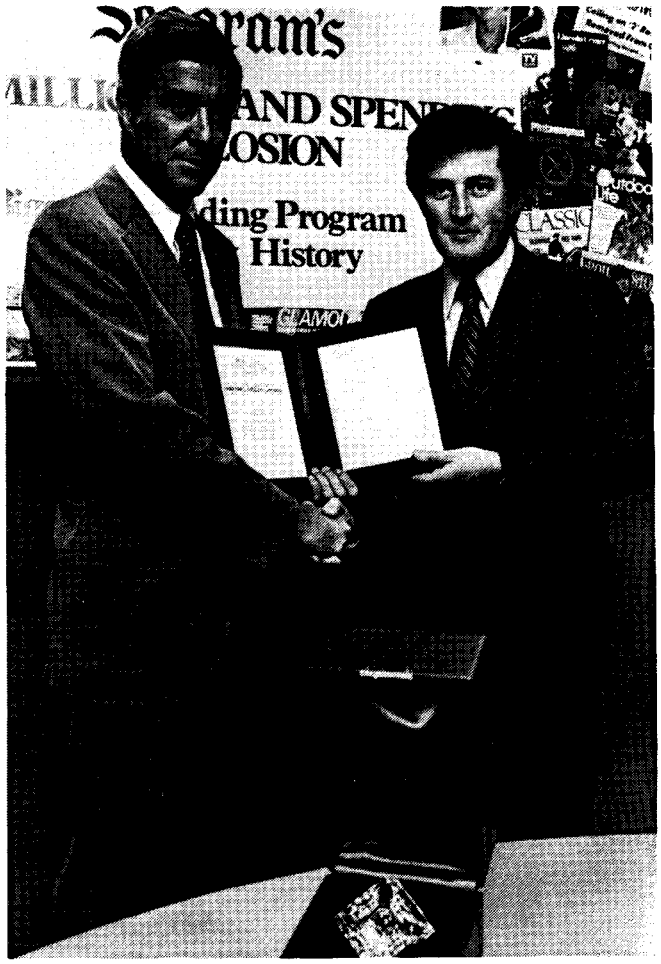
- Magazines provide truly national coverage for truly national brands.
- Magazines segment markets to conform to the demographic profiles of the consumer for each of our brands. And they do this both nationally and locally.
- Magazines provide the color and lend the prestige necessary to our presentation.
- And magazines provide an almost infinite variety of editorial environment from which to choose those most compatible.

For the period August '77-February '78 liquor sales were up 2.6% as compared to an approximate 1% increase for the previous comparable period. And in mid-March 1978, Seagram released sales increases on their own brands involved in the program.

Seagram's Extra Dry Gin	up 30%
Seagram's 7 Crown	up 4%
Seagram's V.O.	up 10%
Crown Royal	up 24%
Myers's Jamaica Rum	up 30%
The Glenlivet Scotch*	up 50%

The power of advertising and of magazines had been thoroughly tested and thoroughly proved.

*Also supported by a newspaper supplement.



Frank S. Berger, right, president, The House of Seagram, was presented with the Magazine Publishers Association's first Magazine Advertising Effectiveness Award by Robert C. Gardner, the Association's senior vice president. The award was made "in recognition of Seagram's leadership and marketing statesmanship in the use of magazines as the dominant medium to achieve sales and marketing objectives."

MPA *Magazine Publishers Association, Inc.*

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TEN BETTER MOUSETRAPS:

(Eight of Which Made Money)

by Ernest V. Hey

Aerosol Valve

The enormously profitable spray can industry has been made possible by the aerosol valve, which was developed by Robert H. Abplanalp—who is perhaps best known for his much publicized friendship with Richard M. Nixon. Ironically, Abplanalp's invention has recently become controversial because of fears that large quantities of the pressurized Freon gas that "propels" the sprays might destroy some ozone in the upper atmosphere.

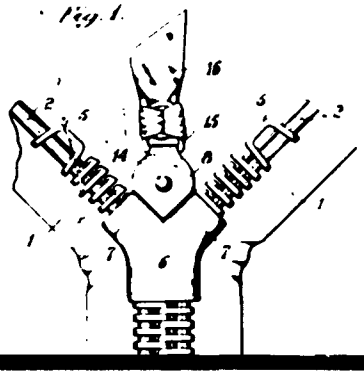
After World War II, Abplanalp found that many consumer-type aerosols—minute particles of solids or liquids suspended in gas—were already on the market, packaged in tin cans. He decided to devise a valve for a can made of an aluminum alloy, not of tin, that would squirt out its contents under the pressure of an inert gas. Such a can would fill many needs of housewives, home workshoppers, and businesses.

It took Abplanalp and his engineers three months to design a seven-part valve that wouldn't leak. Today, Abplanalp's fortune is estimated at $100 million. He has a variation on the Edison adage: "I say [that] genius is two percent inspiration, eight percent work, and ninety percent luck." Then he adds, "I'm a lucky guy."

Zipper

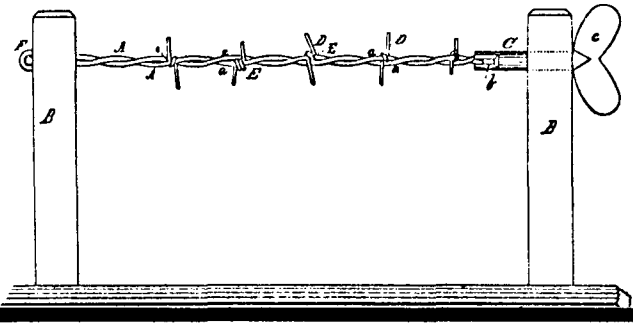
True or false: Whitcomb L. Judson became rich and famous when he invented the zipper. False. It is true that he patented "a cheap locker or unlocker for shoes" to take the place of laces or buttons and that he got a patent for this pre-zipper device, in 1893. However, it was Gideon Sundback of Westinghouse Electric who studied Judson's patent and came up with a workable slide fastener, which was patented in 1917.

Sundback's improvement was slight—a change in the shape of the teeth!



Barbed Wire

It was Henry M. Rose who invented barbed wire and showed it at a county fair in De Kalb, Illinois, in 1873. Present at the fair were Joseph Farwell Glidden and his buddies Jacob Haish and Isaac L. Ellwood. All three men later patented and made fortunes from improving Rose's design.



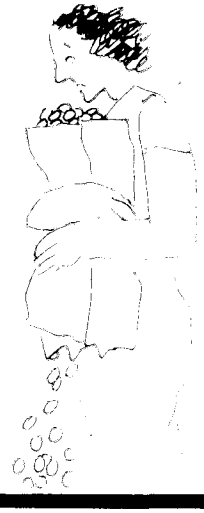
Paper Bag

Mattie Knight was born Maine in the nineteenth century and became an inventress at the age of twelv She lives in fame becau she devised a machine th could turn out a paper b with a flat bottom.

Among her other inve tions: a dress and ski shield, a clasp to hold robe some shoemaking m chines, and a sleeve val automobile engine!

When she died, in 1914, seventy-six, one obitua hailed her as a "Lady E son." But her flat-bottom p per bag, so vital to shoppers today, didn't he her financially: She left estate of less than $300!

Guy Bil



Laser

The laser is a revolutionary device that throws an intense, special sort of light beam with which one can make three-dimensional photographs called holographs and do other remarkable things—including the rumored shooting down of airplanes in midair! Laser stands for *l*ight *a*mplification by *s*timulated *e*mission of *r*adiation. The man who discovered it is a Columbi University professor name Charles Townes. In 1964, h received the Nobel Prize i physics, sharing it with tw Russians who had worke along the same lines.

Ernest V. Heyn is the author of A Century of Wonders: 100 Years of Popular Science *and* Fire of Genius: Inventors of the Pas

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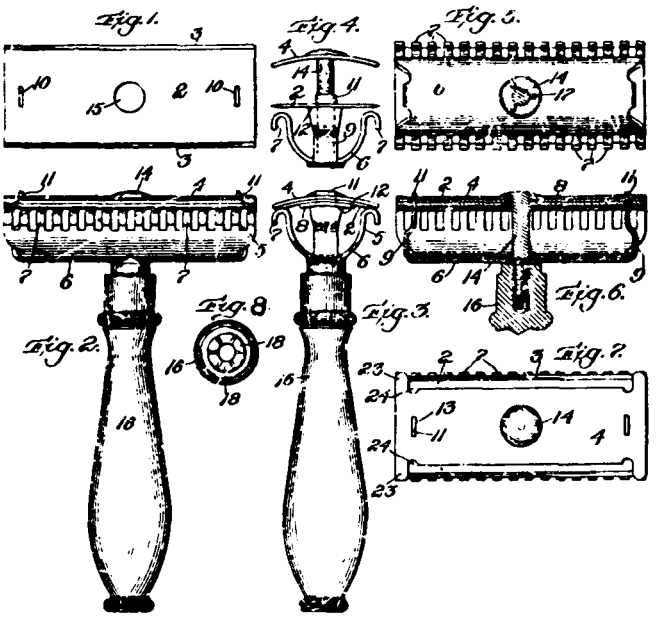


Razor (Safety)

Perhaps even more than ordinary folk, inventors are plagued by financial troubles. Take King Camp Gillette, whose name is synonymous with the safety razor. His idea was to produce a thin blade that could be discarded. He once said, "If I had been technically trained, I would have quit." (Actually, there were three safety razors—that is, a blade between two plates, attached to a handle—that preceded Gillette's.)

It was World War I that made King C. Gillette a multimillionaire—till 1914 he was a failure because men just wouldn't give up the straightedge razor for his safety version. Then during the war, the U.S. government bought his razors by the hundreds of thousands for the troops, and many of the soldiers took them home when they were released from the army.

Razor (Electric)

In 1918 Jacob Schick, just out of the army, mortgaged his home in Stamford, Connecticut, to finance work on his plan for an electric razor. Eleven years later, the buzzing contraption was on the market, and by the time Schick died, in 1937, at fifty-nine, his invention had begun to compete with Gillette's safety razor. Soon there were competitors: Ronson, Norelco, Remington electric shavers, both corded and cordless. But Schick was still the daddy of the electric razor.

Commercial Aluminum

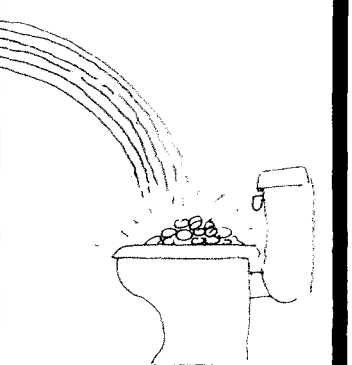
Aluminum created a sensation when it began finding its way into general use in the early decades of this century. Till then, the word "metal" had meant to most people something bulky and heavy. The advent of light, strong, compact metal seemed a small miracle. Aluminum was rare and costly until Charles Martin Hall developed a practical way to produce it commercially. He received his patent in 1889. This was the beginning of the great Alcoa Company (Aluminum Corporation of America), and it made Hall a very rich man.

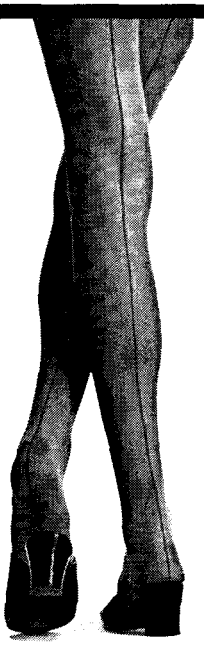
Guy Billout

Jonny Mop

During World War II, Dorothy Rodgers, wife of composer Richard Rodgers, got sick and tired of doing household cleaning using old-fashioned string or rag mops. Forthwith, she came up with a simple, workable idea: a mop with a disposable swab to clean toilet bowls. She named it Jonny Mop and after securing her patent—number 2,402,577, titled "Cleaning Device"—sold it to the prestigious Johnson & Johnson Company. She received royalties till her patent ran out, in 1963.

Guy Billout





Nylon

Nylon is a wholly synthetic fiber, a substitute for silk that became vastly popular during the Second World War, when the Allied countries were cut off from their supplies of Japanese silk.

Nylon was created by Wallace Hume Carothers. This great chemical scientist was in charge of a team of research chemists at E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company in Wilmington, Delaware. Although nylon began as a replacement for silk in hosiery, it has had many other uses—in boat sails, clothing fabric, parachutes, ropes, and so on. Out of its invention grew Orlon, Dacron, and Lycra.

U.S. Patent Number 6,469

Quick—what inventor owned U.S. patent number 6,469, titled "Buoying Vessels over Shoals"? This patent had to do with, in the inventor's words, "a new and improved manner of combining adjustable buoyant air chambers with a steamboat or other vessel for the purpose of enabling them to pass over bars or through shallow water."

The invention, for which he whittled a model 20 inches long, was never built—but the man later became president of the United States, and his face is on all five dollar bills. His name: Abraham Lincoln.

ıry.

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SATURDAY REVIEW: CURRENTS

Who Owns Our Beaches?

by Anthony Wolff

Maryanne Sheu

LAST YEAR, A WOMAN NAMED PHYLLIS WAYNE paid $125,000 for a 40-foot-wide lot with a 180-degree ocean view in Malibu, the beach colony of Hollywood, just up the Pacific Coast Highway from Los Angeles. Wayne's routine application for a building permit was granted with one proviso: that she dedicate a six-foot strip along her property line as a public access from the road to the ocean. No access, no permit. Reluctantly, she agreed.

The reaction from her new neighbors was immediate. "The calls were menacing, not threatening," she recalled later, "designed to make me feel uncomfortable and to understand, 'None of us will look kindly on you.'" By providing public access to the beach, the neighbors warned, she was inviting vandalism, trespass, littering, and other crimes and misdemeanors. Nevertheless, the law-abiding Wayne declined to fight the access regulation or to take her neighbors' suggestion that she sell out and find "more suitable property somewhere else." After friendly persuasion had failed, the neighbors hauled Wayne into court, where the matter is still being fought out.

Taken by itself, the reaction of Wayne's neighbors is disproportionate to its cause; the whole Malibu episode seems slightly comical. But Malibu is only one skirmish in a much bigger battle. Up and down the long and lovely coast of California, the people are pressing for access to the beaches. And in every coastal state, cherished common-law and constitutional private-property rights are challenged by the claim of the public to an equitable share in the seashore.

The problem is not that we don't have enough beach to go around. According to one government survey, the tidal shoreline of the United States excluding Alaska and Hawaii measures almost 60,000 miles, of which 4,350 miles are sandy beach. If the average dry-sand area of the beach is 50 feet wide and if each person is allowed a 10-by-10-foot territory, there is enough room for 11.5 million people at a time.

Most of the beach, however, is strictly off limits to most of us, fenced and posted and patrolled by humorless gendarmes to keep the public out. According to immemorial custom, the ocean below the mean high-water line in most states is the public domain, common property held in trust for us by the state. The beach itself, however, is either private property or so restricted that it might as well be. A government study in 1962 found that less than 2 percent of the country's total shoreline and 5.5 percent of the shoreline suitable for recreation were publicly owned. Massachusetts, for example, has 1,200 miles of coastline, of which some 175 miles are open to the public. Only 151 miles of Florida's 1,358-mile beach permit public access. A Ralph Nader-sponsored study recently reported, "Of the 1,072 miles of California coast... only 290 are beaches suitable for swimming. Only 90 of these miles are publicly owned, and most of this coastline (53 miles) is held in military bases." Moreover, the more recent rate of public beach acquisition has not been nearly enough to keep up with the growth in population, leisure, and mobility, much less to make up for past deficits. In

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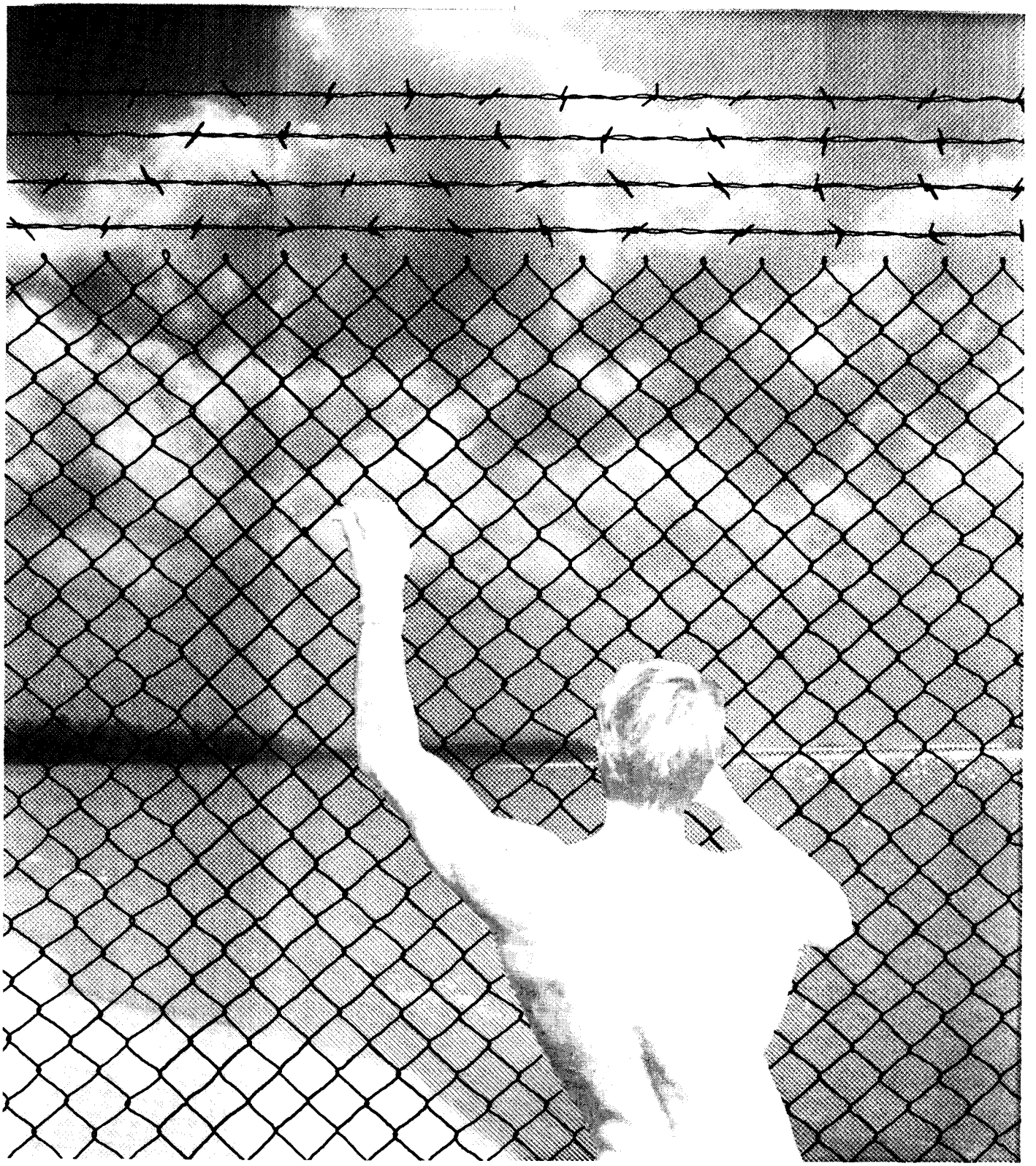

effect, the public beach has been steadily shrinking.

In earlier, easier times, it didn't matter so much who owned the beaches. Along many relatively undeveloped shorelines, landowners either permitted or passively tolerated innocent trespass. No longer. As land values have soared—and property taxes have kept pace—unguarded stretches of private beach have been subdivided into high-priced-house lots. Private owners—both individual citizens and coastal communities—have become increasingly jealous of their precious property rights and diligent in denying public access to the sand.

This past winter, for example, the recreation commissioners in liberal, tony Westport, Connecticut, voted to charge a $25-a-day parking fee to discourage nonresidents from using the town's Compo Beach. Westport residents can buy a season sticker for $10. Other towns in the Northeast refuse admittance to outsiders at any price and issue dog tags or laminated-plastic ID cards with color photographs to separate taxpayers from freeloaders.

From Greenwich, Connecticut, comes the sad story of a yachtsman who anchored off the private beach there one balmy night and blithely rowed ashore for a dinner engagement. Dinner done, he was about to cross the sand to regain his dinghy when he was intercepted by the local con-

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stabulary, who ever so politely suggested that he swim back to his mooring from the nearest public beach. And in the so very particular New Jersey resort town of Deal, the guests at an oceanfront house were arrested and fined $200—the sentence mercifully suspended—for using the town beach, reserved for taxpayers.

While the defenders of private beaches have become more resourceful and aggressive, so have the open-beach insurgents. The quixotic beach crasher, subverting the laws of property in the name of humanity, is now supported by advocates in the courts and the legislatures of every coastal jurisdiction, arguing that the beaches ought to be open to all as a matter of constitutional law and reasonable public policy.

BEGINNING BETTER THAN 15 YEARS AGO, a series of controversial court decisions in several states has already had the effect of legitimatizing trespass on beaches in certain common situations. In 1964, a Texas court ruled against a property owner who had built a fence across his private beach to the waterline, blocking the public's "free and unrestricted ingress and egress" to the Gulf of Mexico. Aged residents of the area testified that the beach had been used as a public right-of-way for generations without interference from the landowner. The court decided that the proprietor's long acquiescence constituted unwritten permission—"implied dedication," in legal jargon—that he could not revoke. The public had acquired a "prescriptive easement" to trespass forever.

Facing the same issue in 1970, a California court decided that five years of unopposed trespass was enough to establish implied dedication. Two years later, a court in Florida agreed that 20 years of public use of a private beach—"open, notorious, visible... and without material challenge or interference"—was sufficient to make the beach public.

Such ingenious assaults on the sanctity of private property have had little success in the Northeast, however, where strict notions of the difference between mine and thine came over on the Mayflower. Instead, open-beach advocates have zeroed in on the special case of town-owned "public" beaches that exclude or discriminate against nonresidents. In a landmark 1972 decision in New York, the Supreme Court of Nassau County, on Long Island, ruled that the town of Long Beach had created an irrevocable "public trust" by allowing the general public to use its beach since 1935 and could not switch to a residents-only policy. Earlier in 1972, the New Jersey Supreme Court went even further in the same direction in the case of *Neptune City* v. *Avon by the Sea*. The public trust doctrine, said the court, not only meant that a town had to open its private beaches to the out of town public but also meant that the town could not milk nonresidents for higher admission fees than it charged the locals.

Such victories have encouraged the open-beach cause, but they have not won the war. The process of litigating the same questions case by case in state after state has proved to be too expensive and too enervating to sustain. Despite the decisions of courts in New York and New Jersey, for example, towns in Connecticut and Rhode Island and elsewhere have continued to exclude nonresidents or to charge them exorbitant fees. The courts have confined themselves to the specific cases before them, avoiding the underlying questions of the legal status of beaches in general and the civil rights of people to use them.

An important exception was the Oregon Supreme Court, which in 1969 settled a narrow question of beach access by applying broadly the ancient English common-law doctrine of "customary rights." "According to a custom running back in time as long as this land has been inhabited," said the court, all of the state's beaches have been freely used by the public since aboriginal times. (In Blackstone's phrase, "The memory of man runneth not to the contrary.") Therefore, concluded the court, not only the beach in question but the entire coastline of the state is open to everybody, forever.

Most state legislatures have been even more cautious than the courts. In Massachusetts, a few years ago, a state senator from South Boston had the nerve to introduce legislation providing that "the public shall have an on-foot right-of-passage along the coastline of the commonwealth below the vegetation line." No right to sit down or to swim or to picnic or even to pause, the senator assured his colleagues, just to walk. Even this was too much for Massachusetts, and the bill died aborning.

The laggardliness of state legislatures in dealing with public beach access has allowed the United States Congress, hardly noted for alacrity in responding to controversial questions, to seize the lead. In 1976, Congress amended the Coastal Zone Management Act of 1972 to include public access to beaches as a matter of special concern in the management of the nation's coastal areas. As amended, the act specifically encourages participating coastal states to include in their planning "the protection of, and access to, public beaches." And as an inducement, the law also provides for federal grants to the states for up to 50 percent of the cost of acquiring land for access to public beaches. In most states, all the sand below the high-water line is public beach, and most of that is high and dry most of the time, especially in summer, when tides are low. With adequate public access therefore, vast areas of "private" beach would be effectively public.

As in so many other social changes, California has been way ahead of the other states in expanding public beach access and may serve as a model for the rest of the country. California's state constitution already mandates maximum public access to its coastline, and a long-standing subdivision law requires public access through developments on the shore.

Both law and constitution were regularly flouted, however, until 1972, when the citizens revolted. Taking advantage of a California law that permits the public to legislate directly by referendum—the same law that fostered the property-tax revolt last month—the voters passed Proposition 20, a law to regulate development of the coast and to ensure public access. Under the California Coastal Act, California now has two agencies zealously working to make sure that people can get to the beach.

The California Coastal Commission, operating through six regional commissions and in collaboration with other state and local agencies, has the overall responsibility for planning and regulating all new development in a broad coastal strip running from the top of the state to the Mexican border. Before it issues a building permit for any new development—even a single-family house—on the California coast, the commission will require that existing public access be protected. Where there is no public access to begin with, the commission will require the developer to provide one through his property from the nearest public road to the water's edge. The California Coastal Conservancy, a complementary state agency, has the power to acquire and hold land providing access to the coast by dedication from a private owner, by purchase, or by condemnation, if necessary.

As Ms. Wayne is finding out in Malibu, however, California beach owners are digging in to keep the public from spoiling their view of the ocean. It promises to be a long fight. All the beaches won't be open this summer—maybe next.

Anthony Wolff is a New York free-lancer who frequents the beaches in Truro, Massachusetts. ◉

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SCIENCELETTER

Skin Exposed

by Albert Rosenfeld

THE HUMAN BODY is full of surprises. Even the surface of it—where, right there in plain sight, one would expect that all the discoveries would long since have been made. Yet suddenly the skin is the focus of a new burst of biomedical interest.

The skin has traditionally been perceived as a passive barrier whose main function is to separate each individual self from the outside world; hence the modern philosopher's penchant for referring to "the self inside the skin." The skin is our husk, our rind, the integument that holds us together. It keeps much that is hostile in our surroundings from getting at our all-too-vulnerable innards and, at the same time, keeps those innards from seeping out. "Without the skin as a protective envelope," writes Dr. David R. Bickers in a recent issue of Upjohn's *Guidelines to Professional Pharmacy*, "the body would rapidly equilibrate with its environment"—a situation, he adds, that is "not compatible with life."

Bickers, a research dermatologist who recently moved from The Rockefeller University, in New York, to Case Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, has come to view the skin as a complex and dynamic entity, fully worthy of the term "organ"—in fact, he regards it as "the largest human body organ." True, we have known for a long time that the impact of sunlight on the skin can result in the production of vitamin D in the body as well as in the enhanced metabolism of calcium. But in such cases, the skin serves more as a mediator than as an active metabolizer. The surprise turns out to be that the skin can metabolize drugs—can bring about their "biotransformation" by means of enzymes—much as the liver does, though of course not on the same scale.

Cortisone applied to inflamed skin, for instance, would have no appreciable anti-inflammatory effect were it not for the fact that the skin's enzymes metabolize it into hydrocortisone, a drug that *can* bring the desired relief. Skin enzymes can also convert the male hormone testosterone into dihydrotestosterone, a considerably more potent version of the same hormone—and in this case the hormone does not have to be applied externally: The skin around the genital area in particular is an active metabolizer of *internal* testosterone. The diffusion of chemicals *outward* from the body to be metabolized by the skin is so newly recognized that there has not been time to work out its mechanisms. Another example of biotransformation: When applied to the skin, the drug griseofulvin has no effect on a fungus infection. "You could bathe in it for an hour without bothering the fungus," says Bickers. Yet taken orally, griseofulvin is a remarkably effective antifungal drug.

Some drugs interact with the skin only when the sun is shining on it—the antibiotic declomycin, for instance. That is why your doctor warns you (or should) that taking such a drug will make you especially vulnerable to sunburn. This phototoxic effect—the capacity to make the skin more vulnerable to ultraviolet light—has recently been turned to therapeutic advantage in the treatment of psoriasis.

Even more interesting is the apparent capacity of skin enzymes to detoxify potentially cancer-causing chemicals that impinge on the skin by breaking down the invading substances into compounds incapable of causing the disease. This detoxifying capacity is not possessed by everyone, however. Its presence or absence may be due to individual genetic differences. But no one knows for sure in this rapidly burgeoning new field of research.

There is a reverse, "bad news" side to this capacity: Some substances become carcinogenic only because the skin's enzymes convert them into cancer-causing chemicals. In such cases, Bickers is hopeful that enzyme inhibitors can be discovered or made that will prevent the skin from carrying out these biotransformations. Even at the current early stage of this newest skin game in town, Bickers finds the prospects for medicine so exciting that he has begun to refer to the discipline as "cutaneous pharmacology."

THE SKIN on the average human body covers a surface area of about two square yards—not counting all the folds, pleats, crevices, and corrugations that if stretched out flat would add significantly to the total area. (The ancient Assyrians, among other peoples in history, actually used to skin their captives and rebellious subjects.) Most of the skin's weight lies in its lower, denser layer—the dermis—which contains all the blood vessels and nerve endings, all the hair follicles, and all the sweat- and oil-producing glands.

Even before Bickers's cutaneous pharmacology, we knew that the skin has a diversity of functions, particularly as a reporter of information coming in from the outside world—what is cold or hot, wet or dry, hard or soft, rough or smooth, hurtful or soothing. The dermis, with its myriad nerve endings, is an instant communicator of pain; and with its direct route to the thermostat in the brain's hypothalamus, it also serves an important collaborative role in regulating the body's temperature.

The fact that the skin possesses enzymes capable of metabolizing drugs—and that its metabolic powers can be increased by the induction of other enzymes—must intrigue any experimental therapist. For one thing, the skin is so *available*. And anything that can be made to penetrate the epidermis and reach the dermis, with its rich supply of blood vessels, can enter the bloodstream directly. It does not have to be injected. It does not have to be taken orally and thus be processed through the gastrointestinal tract and the liver. "Intensive research efforts are under way," Bickers tells us, "to identify nontoxic vehicles that would permit *selective*, *reversible* percutaneous absorption of a drug. Such vehicles could provide a totally new method for administering chronically prescribed drugs, such as insulin." Bickers says that one pharmaceutical house has already developed an experimental wristwatchlike device that will release such substances through the skin in tiny controlled quantities throughout the day

Moreover, the skin may be able—or artificially enabled—to process drugs in ways that are otherwise difficult or impossible; to render weak compounds more potent; to detoxify the noxious elements of others, thus minimizing their hazardous side effects. And if it can detoxify carcinogenic compounds, and if this capacity can be increased, then the skin could offer us much better protection against cancer-causing agents in the environment.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but looking at these new possibilities, skin deep begins to sound more and more beautiful. ●

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Fela's Afro-Beat Revolt

by Stephen Davis

THROUGHOUT decolonized Africa, rebel music and the social shock wave that accompanies it can be summed up in one volatile word: Fela. Fela Anikulapo-Kuti, a thirty-eight-year-old Nigerian singer and bandleader, has created a distinctly African music of political dissent. Fela (pronounced *FAY*-la) combines mesmeric African chants with the thunder of drums and electric instruments. He is the Third World's first real superstar.

Fela's music is usually called Makossa, or Afro-Beat. It is omnipresent throughout Africa, but nowhere is it more evident than in the crowded shops and riotous streets of Lagos, Nigeria's steamy capital. All of Fela's music follows the same basic formula. The martial horn riffs gather like storm clouds. The drums lay out a stupendous African mojo in an infinity of interwoven and overlapping rhythms, and somewhere in the mix there's an organ. The young women's passionate chanting in the background could boil the listener's blood, but suddenly Fela steps in with a singing voice that sounds surprisingly like a Nigerian reed instrument. Clearly, Fela's music is arranged to evoke an emotional response from his audience. It also speaks to political conscience, in songs about food shortages, soldiers who take orders like robots, social ills, and injustice. Nigeria has been under military rule for a decade, and although Fela belongs to one of the nation's most prestigious and wealthy families, he has been struggling with the junta for years.

Fela began his career as a saxophonist, playing the inflamed, calypsolike rhythm and blues known as Highlife. In the late 1950s, he went to London to study music and was introduced to the works of jazz masters Miles Davis and John Coltrane. Fela grafted their jazz forms onto the African rhythms he knew, but when he returned to Nigeria and tried to sell his music, he was told it was too avant-garde and undanceable. In 1969, Fela visited several young black leaders in America and in the process became aware of the culturally destructive contradictions of colonialism. In the States, he saw black Americans wearing dashikis to indicate their pride in their African heritage. Back home, his people were ashamed of their customs; the men preferred to dress, in Fela's words, "like stiff Englishmen." When Fela finally returned to Nigeria, he was determined to try to make his countrymen proud of being African. Since 1970, he has been churning out six or seven albums a year. The discs are now banned from Radio Nigeria, but Fela's sound still blares from the tinny speakers of shantytown shops throughout West Africa.

Since Fela's vocal barbs are delivered with simple but stinging imagery, they're easily picked up by the people and can as easily be used as slogans in antigovernment campaigns. After years of abuse from this proud and insolent musician, the government retaliated in 1977 by allowing the army to loot and burn the huge wire-enclosed compound (known defiantly as "the Kalakuta Republic") Fela had built in the center of Lagos to house his family, band members, and the rather flamboyant harem of female singers he openly maintained. After torching the buildings, the soldiers raped the women and brutally beat Fela. Until that night, Fela had been new Africa's brightest entertainer and pop cult hero, a sort of West African James Brown or Bob Marley. In the aftermath of the attack, he has become Nigeria's leading political dissident: persona non grata to the government, a demigod to the people.

Today Fela lives under loose house arrest in a Lagos hotel and is not allowed to perform in public, since his concerts usually turn into mass demonstrations against the army. Imagine a sea of angry black faces and clenched fists, throbbing to the beat of Fela's band, Afrika 70. Its sound—rocketing from four guitars, two saxophones, two trumpets, an organ, at least six drums, and at least eight singers—ranges from a slow sizzle to the rumblings of military hardware moving along a bad road. Fela himself is a master of both the alto and tenor saxes; he also dabbles on the organ. Trumpeter Tunde Williams is a paragon of taut, economical African phrasing. And the sound of the formidable rhythm section, whose members look like a line of expressionless Benin bronzes, rolls wavelike over the audience.

Fela and Afrika 70 can be heard here on Mercury Records's recently released *Zombie*. Two of the songs express Fela's contempt for the power-crazy government. The third, "Zombie," is the political screed that got Fela in such trouble last year. Local newspapers claimed that the recording, issued in Nigeria just prior to the assault on Fela's communal abode, provoked the attack—the album was even introduced as evidence in the subsequent official investigation (which absolved the army of any wrongdoing, ruling that the use of the term "zombie" to describe soldiers was sufficient provocation to justify an assault). The album is one of the most forceful I've heard. With a beat that is both joyous and relentless, its music is a bracing breath of the hot African spirit.

By the way, Fela has announced that he will run for president of Nigeria if democratic elections are held as promised in 1979. He is convinced that he can win, and considering his vast popularity and potent symbolic status, he may well be right. ◉

Stephen Davis is the author of Reggae Bloodlines *(Doubleday, 1977).*

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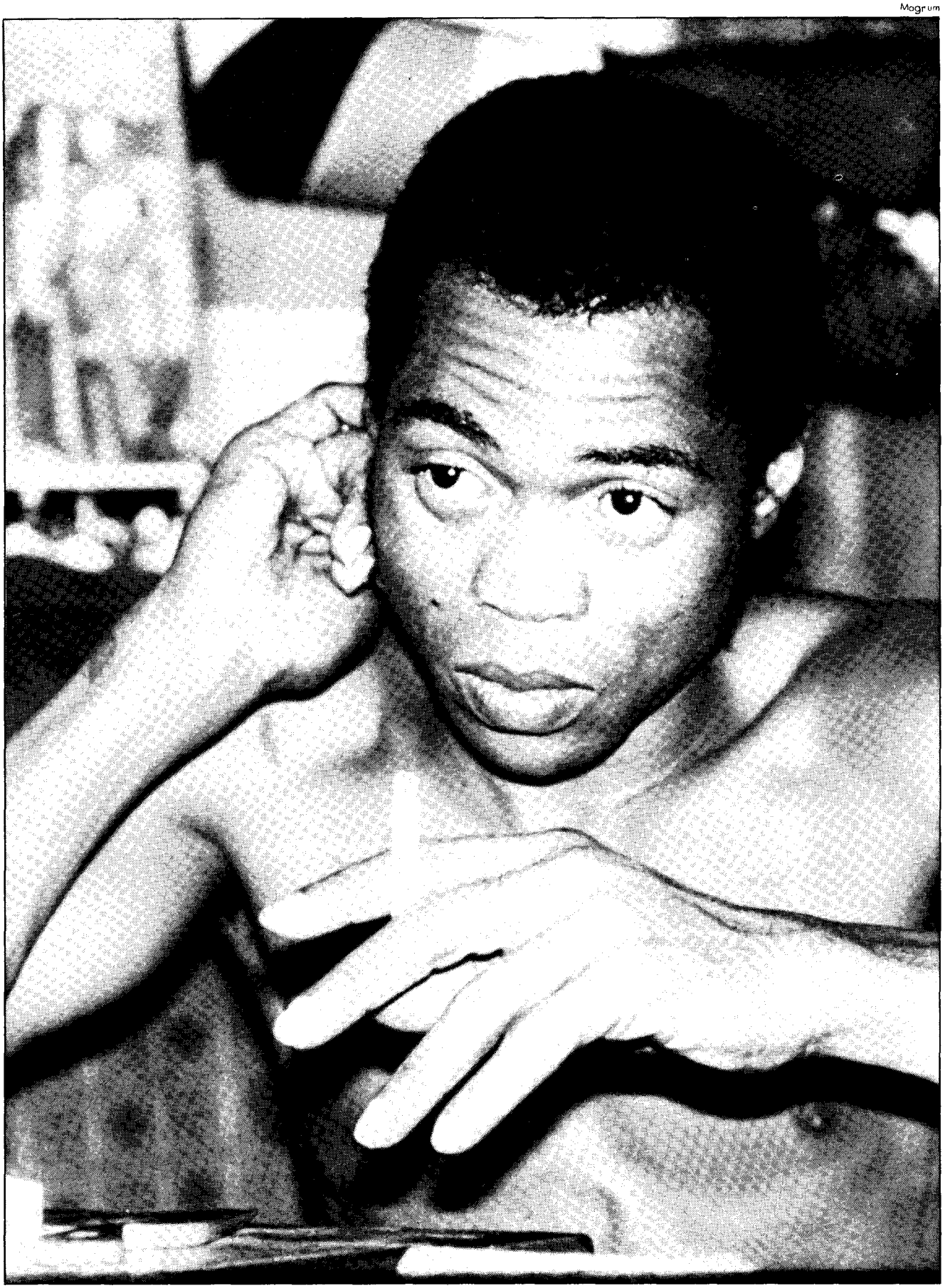
Magnum



Singer and bandleader Fela—"Nigeria's leading political dissident: persona non grata to the government, a demigod to the people."

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PHOTOGRAPHY

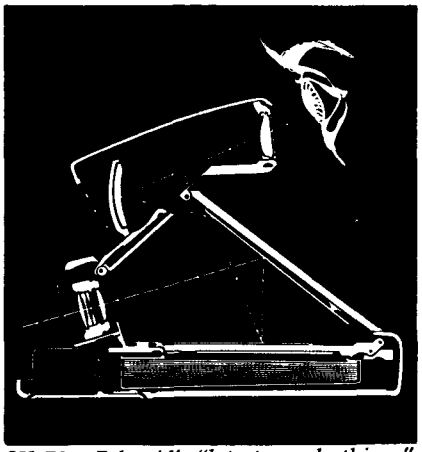
SX-70: Land's Painless Epiphany Machine

by Owen Edwards

WHEN VETERAN Polaroid watchers (a group less noteworthy than Kremlinologists perhaps, but no less dedicated) recently learned that the latest wonderthing from the Cambridge company's drawing boards is a new version of the SX-70 instant color camera that focuses by sonar, the news may not have come as too much of a surprise. Since the first instant camera was introduced by Dr. Edwin Land, in 1947, the ultimate painless epiphany machine has been a possibility. What *has* come as a surprise, however, is the emergence of the SX-70 as a formidable creature of art.

Perhaps no one since Henry Ford has understood the nature of American desire better than Land. His little gadgets have not destroyed one way of life and built another, as did Ford's folks' wagons, but they have created a mode of easy, quick verification—a kind of we-are-here-and-this-proves-it feedback that has made photography as domesticated and reassuringly unmysterious as a family mutt. George Eastman built Kodak on the slogan "You Push the Button, and We Do the Rest"; but Land went another step, giving the customer dominion (or the illusion of dominion) over the whole photographic process. With some justification, current SX-70 ads claim "no other camera in the world does it all."

In its essence, photography is mechanical, not sensual (no glorious brushstrokes or "freeing form from the stone"). This unromantic fact of life has been known to send talented men and women muttering out into cold rains. There are of course (and have always been) photographers who love the machinery and the processes for their own sake. The ritual of rendering images through the strict choreography of picture taking and printmaking, like the absolute structure of the haiku, can have its own inspirational impulse. Beating a form on its own terms is one of art's creative goals. But the gulf between the pure concept of the photographer's eye and the final print is vaster even than that between thought and the printed page. In fact, one measure of a photographer's skill is how well he or she can preconceive the difference between empirical visual experience and photographic record of that experience.



SX-70—Polaroid's "latest wonderthing."

Land's goal, applicable to both snapshooters and professionals, seems to be to narrow the gap between idea and picture. With a rare combination of inventive genius, idealism, business sense, and the ability to gather the best scientific talent around him, Land has pursued this goal with remarkable success. With the development of the SX-70, Polaroid has now reached the stage where visual reflex and validation (or invalidation) are almost simultaneous. Though no camera "does it all," with the SX-70 the eye can for the first time *feel* without stopping to "think"; perception is king.

It is a beautiful machine physically as well as conceptually, as elegant a bit of technology as the zeppelin or the safety pin. But we live in an age characterized by wizardly technology, with new astonishments appearing every day. However complete the SX-70's fulfillment of its inventor's ideals, there would be no reason to mention it or any particular camera in a space normally devoted to imagery and not to how that imagery is accomplished mechanically. Mediocre pictures made with a great camera are infinitely less valuable than the reverse. (It is, of course, the disingenuous business of most camera magazines to imply that if Bill Brandt can make an unforgettable picture using a certain camera at a certain setting and shutter speed, we are all just a given name brand and a couple of numbers away from immortality.)

The SX-70 deserves specific attention for another, more significant reason: Like the hand-held, fast-lens models of the late Twenties that led to the growth of modern photojournalism, Land's painless epiphany machine is creating its own photographic genre. After years of being treated by serious photographers as a toy, or merely as a way to preview what the "real" cameras were about to take, instant photography has evolved a device capable of making pictures like no others.

Ultimately, perhaps, it is the film that has provided the lure for photographers. Each piece of SX-70 film is a self-contained sandwich of liquid metallized dyes that are activated by the ejection of the picture from the camera (with a penny arcade whirring I suspect may have been designed for more complete sensual gratification). The liquid colors tend to create a dreamy, unreal palette that when used adroitly has a range of quality from painterly to lurid, surreal, even grotesque. For up to 24 hours after a photograph is ejected, its dyes remain unstable enough to be manipulated physically by such fine arts tools as chopsticks, hairpins, and toasters. Among all the types of color film, including other Polaroid types, there is nothing remotely comparable.

Aware of the tendency of amateurs to emulate professionals, Polaroid has lavished film and cameras on such established greats as Walker Evans and Ansel Adams. And since it has always been the nature of photography to take quick and remarkable advantage of new technology, a certain number of photographers, both well known and unsung, have begun compiling an impressive collection of SX-70 imagery.

INTERESTINGLY, most art photographers have failed to understand that this camera and its film produce pictures not only in a different format (snapshot size) but in a new form altogether. Evans, for instance, ended up with small color versions of his black-and-white classics—less rich and contemplative and far less interesting. Such masters of more traditional work snapped and whirred their ways through truckloads of film and ended up with little of interest (though Polaroid dutifully shows off the ordinary with the exceptional). But a few photographers have understood the peculiarity of the mode—as diverse in its strengths as stereography—and have used it to probe vision in ways disturbing, engrossing, occasionally hallucina-

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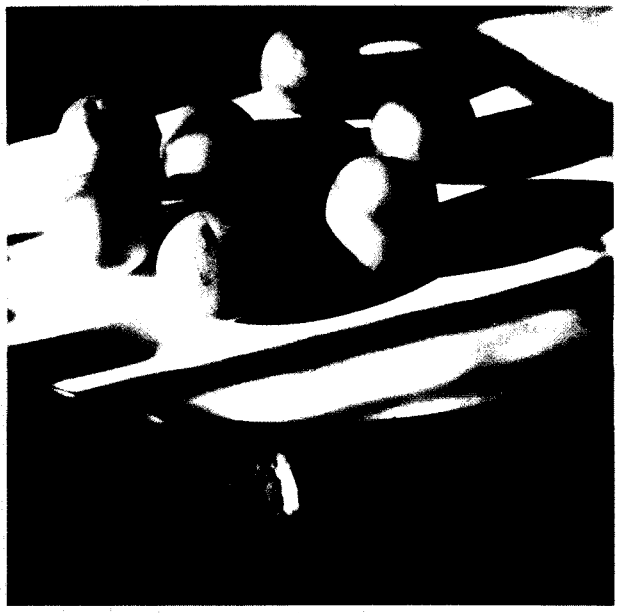

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DON RODAN

HYPNOS

THANATOS

FRANK DI PERNA

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LUCAS SAMARAS

OWEN EDWARDS

tory, lush, lyric, and as haunting as the mystical miniatures of tantric art.

Art Kane, a commercial photographer with a reputation for innovation, and painter Lucas Samaras discovered early on that the initial instability of the liquid dyes make SX-70 pictures singularly malleable. With no darkroom, they, and others, have created warped and shimmering images that move astonishingly far from what we have come to expect of the photographic process. (Samaras, something of an entrepreneur himself, also discovered the marketing advantage of the fact that each SX-70 print is as unique as a painting. At his shows, which have consistently sold out, his prints sell for around $600 apiece.)

Another group of photographers, unassociated except by their common intrigue with Land's magic gadget, have been satisfied with the transmogrifications the camera itself is capable of. Reveling in the fact that SX-70 film is intriguing not for its accuracy but for its eccentricity, such experimenters as Frank DiPerna and Kelly Wise are emerging as the true masters of the subgenre.

DiPerna, concentrating on pictures that take advantage of what he calls "fluid, yet disciplined" colors, has produced ordinary scenes and subjects—beachscapes, chairs with flower-patterned slipcovers, nudes, interiors—that are so subtly, sensuously revised by the film that one does not quite know why the pictures are alluring, only that they are. Wise, though less consistently sensitive to the film's individuality, can transmute mundane things like chairs and vacuum cleaners into the objects of a dream landscape. Dan Roden, a Manhattan photographer who uses the SX-70 exclusively, makes garish, mildly lunatic pictures of objects (and people as objects) that contradict the impressionistic colors and end up looking like acrylic still lifes.

During the writing of this article late in an afternoon spent at the eastern tip of Long Island, I aimed my SX-70 at a freshly caught bluefish about to be broiled on a piece of aluminum foil. The light was an overhead kitchen fixture. What came out of the camera was nothing like what I had seen. It was recognizably a fish, but a fish by way of Bosch or Balthus, a creature of mystery staring malevolently, radiating a kind of nightmarish energy. The point is that I'm not a photographer; I could never have made that picture with straight equipment. I was at best an equal partner with a piece of curious machinery that has the capacity, it seems, to peel Everyman's eye. ◉

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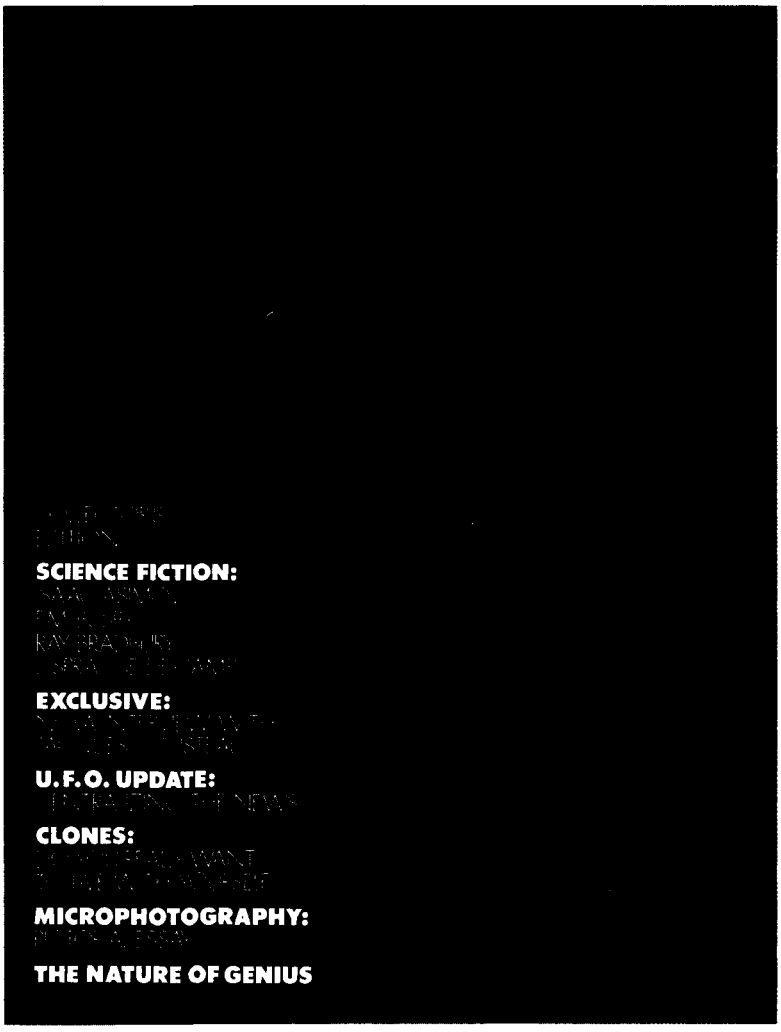

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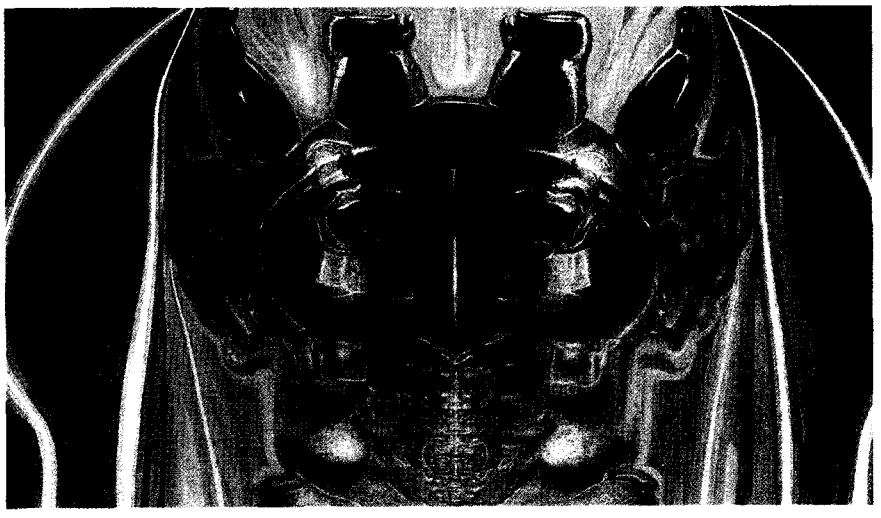
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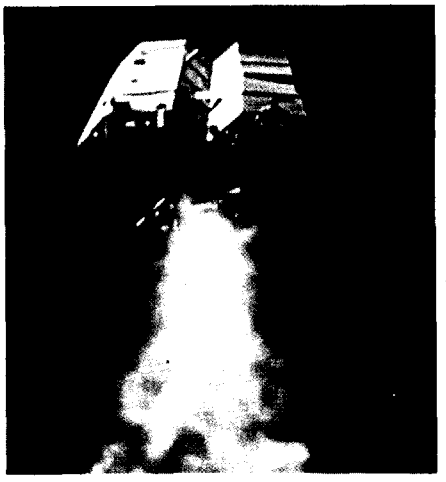
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TELEVISION

Much Ado About Papp

by Karl E. Meyer

NEXT JANUARY 24, it is a pleasure to report, the British public will see an ıtroduction to the single most am-tious television project in the world. ın that day, BBC 2 (British Broadcast-ıg Corporation) will broadcast *As You ke It*, the initial installment in the tele-sing of the complete Shakespearean ınon of 37 plays. American viewers ıould be seeing the same production ı public television soon thereafter, ith five more plays due to follow dur-g 1979: *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado bout Nothing*, *Richard II*, *Julius Caesar*, ıd *Measure for Measure*.

But I am also compelled to report, ith distinctly less pleasure, that this 3C project has already provoked what probably the silliest controversy in e history of television. I rubbed my ·es in disbelief not long ago, when I ad a letter to *The New York Times* from musicians' union leader protesting in l seriousness that the Shakespeare se-es "adds to the destruction of the merican dollar as well as to the frus-ation and destruction of our home-own talent."

Even more astonishing is the con-rrence of Joseph Papp, producer of e New York Shakespeare Festival, ho contends that the BBC venture ll make it impossible for the com-ercial networks to produce any ıakespearean plays by an American mpany. Sounding like Polonius, pp went on to allow that anything e British can do, we can do better.

The financial facts can be briefly set :th. A joint venture of BBC-TV and ne-Life Television, the Shakespeare ries is budgeted at $13.5 million, of ıich $3.6 million will be contributed American enterprises during the xt six years. (For the record, the busi-ss patrons are Exxon, Metropolitan e, and Morgan Guaranty.) To argue ıt this is runaway capital imperiling e dollar is to indulge in an extrava-nce worthy of Falstaff at his most ɔulous.

A further argument advanced ainst the BBC series is that it consti-es a form of "cultural dumping" by a untry flooding our airwaves with eaply produced British wares. No s a figure than Albert Shanker, pres-ent of the American Federation of ıchers, has sounded this dire warn-ɜ. Accusing the British of protec-tionism, Shanker has noted that in England the BBC imposes a quota limiting the showing of non-British productions to 14 percent of air time.

There is something irresistibly comic in this reasoning to anyone who has ever lived abroad for any length of time. Turn on the telly almost anywhere in the Western world, and you will see *Kojak* and *Happy Days* and feel right at home. In point of fact, annual television exports from the United States are in the range of 150,000 hours, compared with 20,000 hours for the two next largest producer - exporters combined: Britain and France (a UNESCO study published in 1976 is the source of these figures). If other countries were to employ such an argument as Shanker's, then our own actors and producers would surely face leaner times.

All import quotas, to be sure, are questionable devices. But it should be noted that foreign programming on our commercial networks is negligible and that only 7.6 percent of public television's air time is devoted to imports.

Concerning the noneconomic aspect of the controversy, I have sought the counsel of Sam Schoenbaum, one of the wisest of Shakespearean scholars and the author of *William Shakespeare: A Documentary Life* (most days of the week, Schoenbaum can be found behind a pile of books at the Folger Shakespeare Library, in Washington, D.C.). No one in America has more solid credentials in assaying four centuries of bardolatry than Schoenbaum, who is presently coeditor of a newly annotated text of the canon that Oxford University Press is preparing.

"Joe Papp's essential premise is mistaken," says Schoenbaum. "The BBC series does not preclude a comparable American venture and in fact may stimulate more Shakespeare on television. When we see one *Hamlet*, we want to see another, which is just what happened in Washington the past season—there were two stage productions, each quite different, and both were sellouts. Papp should welcome rather than oppose the BBC project."

Indeed, if the commercial networks are to abandon their current fixation with kiddie porn, it will be because public television proves that a significant audience exists for something better. Earlier this year, Joe Papp combined forces with the redoubtable Norman Lear, approaching all three networks with an admirable proposal: a weekly "national theater of the air" featuring American actors in works ranging from Shakespeare and O'Neill to Jason Miller's *That Championship Season*. The hitch was that none of the networks was willing to commit itself to a weekly series. As Norman Lear summed it up, "The ratings competition that exists today has created an atmosphere of fear at all the networks. No one wants to make a big mistake."

Meanwhile back in Britain, the great Shakespeare project moves steadily along. During a recent visit to London, I stopped by for a chat with Cedric Messina, the veteran South Africa-born BBC producer who is in charge. It was an illuminating encounter. Whether American actors can match or excel their English counterparts is a pointless question, which I propose to ignore. What cannot be denied is that this producer has access to a pool of talent with repertory skills unmatched in the rest of the English-speaking world.

Messina, for example, has been able to recruit Derek Jacobi (Claudius, in *I, Claudius*) as Richard II and John Gielgud as John of Gaunt in the same play. Jacobi, who portrayed Hamlet last season on the London stage, is also due to repeat the role for BBC. *Much Ado* will feature Michael York as Benedick. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the unforgettable Celia Johnson (*Brief Encounter*) will play the nurse, and Dame Wendy Hiller is appearing as the duchess of York in *Richard II*. Robert Shaw (and who better?) has agreed to play King Lear in what could be the Shakespearean tragedy that will draw the biggest audience in bardic history.

I asked Messina about the employment of leading American actors in major roles. "We've already made approaches," he replied, "but there is a problem of money and film commitments." BBC wages are not astronomical, and production schedules require a firm commitment of time. Big-name American actors appear to be less willing to make sacrifices than their British equivalents, a sad reality that I very much wish Joe Papp would address between the pointless salvos of bricks that he has directed at the wrong target. ●

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THE MOVIES

An Incident of War

by Arthur Schlesinger, .

IN 1978, three years after the Communist victory in South Vietnam, six years after the withdrawal of American ground combat units, thirteen years after the introduction of those units, seventeen years after the dispatch of American military advisers, twenty-eight years after the American commitment to the support of the French against a Vietnamese Communist revolution, thirty-four years after Franklin Roosevelt argued against the return of the French to Indochina (an effort that if successful would have aborted the rest of the story)—in 1978, I say, Americans are at last struggling to come to terms with the most superfluous and shameful war in American history.

For a time, we did our best to forget about Vietnam, to repress the dreadful memory. But the war had bitten too deeply into the life of a generation. In the past year, a number of novels and movies have tried to deal with the Vietnam experience. Confronting that experience is an ordeal, because no one can believe any longer in the official theory of our involvement in the Vietnam War. Now that Communist Vietnam is engaged in savage conflict with Communist Cambodia and in fierce controversy with Communist China, who can possibly argue that the war was necessary to the security of the United States, that the destruction Americans wrought had any rational relationship to the national interests involved? One function of art is to make us understand and accept the consequences of our own insensate folly.

Earlier this season, Jane Fonda's *Coming Home* tried to make an ideological statement about the war. Francis Ford Coppola's ambitious *Apocalypse Now*, an adaptation of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* to Vietnam, is promised for the fall. In between, an unheralded Vietnam film is entering the lists. *Go Tell the Spartans* (Avco Embassy) was directed by Ted Post, written by Wendell Mayes, and derived from a novel, *Incident at Muc Wa*, by Daniel Ford. The title comes not from Herodotus, as the film tells us, but from a fragment of Simonides after Thermopylae: "Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,/That here, obedient to their laws, we lie"—the epitaph that Ruskin called the noblest group of words uttered by man.

Go Tell the Spartans is set in July 1964, nine months before the first American combat units went to Vietnam. It centers on a team of American advisers working with their South Vietnamese counterparts in the remote interior of South Vietnam. The commander is Major Asa Barker, a veteran of the Second World War and the Korean War. Barker is a weather-beaten professional, able, patient, brave, cynical. He tells (invents?) a story to explain why after all his years of service and his decorations he is still only a major. His executive officer, Captain Olivetti, is another professional, but young and ambitious. A general orders Barker to send a force of Vietnamese with their American advisers to take over an outpost at Muc Wa. Persuaded of the futility of the adventure, Barker wearily dispatches his men.

Second World War movies have accustomed us to those cross section platoons that tidily represent all sections and races. I suppose the pattern is inescapable, since the army itself is more or less a cross section of the population. But the types are less obvious in *Go Tell the Spartans*. (There is no one, for example, from Brooklyn.) They are sharply individualized, but in terms of their military existence. There are no flashbacks to civilian life. We are told nothing about their parents, wives, children, girl friends. This is typical of the unsentimental, economical, self-contained quality of the movie.

They go on to Muc Wa. The Viet Cong attack, and attack again. The American commander at Muc Wa naïve and patriotic southerner, killed. The American sergeant, w served with Barker in Korea and w really runs the Muc Wa team, cra under the strain. The film cuts b and forth between beleaguered M Wa and Barker, fuming in his regio headquarters. The general eventu decides that there was no point going to Muc Wa after all. The wi drawal order comes. It comes too la

Go Tell the Spartans is laconic, ir sive, unpretentious, understated. T human relationships under the pr sure of war are deftly suggested. Th are quiet satiric touches—the lieut ant from Saigon who wants to put war on a computer; Barker's visi Colonel Minh, the corrupt local bc Sometimes the ironies may be too p as when Corporal Abraham Linc high on opium, recites the Gettysb Address during a Viet Cong attack when Lieutenant Hamilton, the sou ern patriot, says, "We won't lose cause we're Americans," and th waddles off to the privy to satisfy amoebic dysentery. Still, the film continually intelligent and interesti

It is also admirably acted. Burt L caster has been as reliable a prof sional in life as Major Barker is in movie, and he conveys superbly weary integrity of a soldier commi to what he knows to be a worthl war. The others are agreeably unfa iar faces and, without exception, ex lent. I particularly liked Craig Was as Corporal Courcey, the draftee v wants to find out what war is like is appalled by what he discovers; Unger as Lieutenant Hamilton, guileless southern patriot; Evan Kir Cowboy, the brutal Vietnamese in preter; and David Clennon as Lieu ant Wattsberg, the computer exper

Its very understatement makes *Tell the Spartans* a more powerful a war film than *Coming Home*. It ha overt message. It recognizes the c plexities of motive and discipline made Americans fight in Vietnam concentrating with great intensity single, obscure incident, it illumina vast landscape. In sure, swift stroke shows the irrelevance of the Amer presence in Vietnam, the corrupt wrought by that irrelevance, and fortuity, cruelty, and waste of an in vant war. ◉

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THEATER

Chaplin in a Magritte Landscape

by Martin Gottfried

A PRODUCTION OF *Waiting for Godot* supervised by its author is an event indeed. Twenty-five years have passed since the play received its world premiere, in Paris, and Samuel Beckett's drama is now certain of its place in literary history. A modern classic, it has changed the face of contemporary drama. For though the fashion in absurdism lasted but a few years, Beckett's play effectively ended the tenure of naturalism. By 1960, the representational play was all but dead, and modern drama has been adrift ever since.

Yet *Waiting for Godot* has never itself become a public favorite. It is not *The Cherry Orchard*, not *Hamlet*. It is respected rather than loved, and why is that? This is so loving a play, celebrating as it does mankind's indomitable spirit despite an arbitrary existence in a disinterested universe. It is also a funny play, for who are its tramps—Estragon and Vladimir—but variations on Beckett's beloved Charlie Chaplin? In limbo, they are waiting for Godot in the sense that they are waiting to die; Godot symbolizes to Beckett man's unknown reason for living. So the two tramps await a Godot who never comes and roll out their music hall routines in the meantime. Indeed, "while waiting" is the play's subject. Living is what we do while we wait—for justification? for death? In fact, *En Attendant Godot*, the play's original French title, might better be translated, "*While* Waiting for Godot."

Isn't it all the nicer that so many of Beckett's vaudeville turns for these clowns are also literary turns? There is surely no contemporary playwright who can capture, distill, and celebrate colloquial English as exquisitely as Samuel Beckett. Typical of his breed, he doubtless wrote *Waiting for Godot* in French just to spite his native, abandoned Ireland. Yet when it came down to describing the heartbreakingly comic futility of life, Beckett wrote not as if in translation of his own French but in English. Here are some of the most marvelous lines in modern drama:

> Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the gravedigger puts on the forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries. But habit is a great deadener. At me too someone is looking, of me too someone is saying: He is sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep on.

This is beauty, pure and simple. The striking imagery of birth into a grave; of a gravedigger with an obstetrician's forceps. Being given time to live simply for the purpose of growing old. The unknowing innocence of life, described as sleeping. The profound pity of it all. Is this not the stuff of poetry?

A knowing production of *Waiting for Godot*, such as the one Herbert Berghof directed on Broadway 22 years ago with Bert Lahr and E. G. Marshall, can make babelike humans of Estragon (Gogo) and Vladimir (Didi). Their vain wait can become affecting—the play can fulfill its tragicomic purpose—when the characters not only as symbols but as people. We weep over the horseplay that Beckett's tramps indulge in on the way from cradle to tomb.

Yet the recent presentation of *Godot* resolutely refused to deal with their feelings, and ironically, it was Beckett's own production. For its final work of the season, The BAM Theater Company of The Brooklyn Academy of Music engaged Walter D. Asmus to present an English version of the *Waiting for Godot* on which he assisted Beckett four years ago, in Berlin.

It proved a remote, ritualistic, and highly stylized production, with much the look of a Magritte. Still figures were posed against the flat background of a gray knoll and a gray screen. The lighting was white and unvaried. The actors were directed to scrunch their bodies and to move in jerks. Such characters were robots, for the actors were not allowed to lend them individuality or humanity. Vladimir and Estragon were specifically directed by Beckett to be indistinguishable from each other, with the jacket of one the mate for the other's trousers, and so on. Their comedy routines were made into sterilized rather than stylized vaudeville.

When Pozzo entered, whipping the slave Lucky ahead of him, we perked up. Pozzo is a real caricature, the bourgeois who is fool enough to believe that his social station means something to the universe, that he is "important." Lucky is his pathetic converse, the social inferior who accepts servility as identity. Trivializing everything about human life, Beckett has Pozzo command Lucky to "think" for everyone's entertainment. Is thinking, too, a pathetic and futile human conceit? Lucky's famous soliloquy is but a babble of disconnected figures of speech, of perversions of logic: "as hereinafter but not so fast for reasons unknown."

We should be aghast at this speech and shattered by it, but we aren't in Beckett's production. The author, though previously reluctant to analyze his work, is quoted in the program as giving this soliloquy a new interpretation—one that is at once pretentious and incomprehensible. It may be rude, and perhaps even reckless, to disregard a writer's explanation of his own work, but frankly, Beckett's analysis only demonstrates what's wrong with this production.

The problem is that the Beckett who directed this presentation by proxy is 25 years older than, and different from, the one who wrote the play. This is plain in the austere writing he's done since, in which he sheds words until silence seems obsessive. Of course we cannot ask him to remain as he was, and we appreciate the refinement of much of what has come after *Godot*. *Not I*, a recent play, for example, is a monologue of tremendous power.

Fortunate though we may be to see a dramatic masterpiece presented by its author, we must take into account his changing while the work has remained the same. The public ultimately rejected absurdism as too inhuman. *Waiting for Godot*, however, provides overwhelming compassion. Now Beckett wants to deny that emotion. Like the title character in *Krapp's Last Tape* (who insists that he's glad he can't live his youth again, that he wouldn't want to), Beckett's attempt to annul feelings he once felt is saddening. But the feelings are in *Waiting for Godot* anyhow. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 151

Shelley List:
Nobody Makes Me Cry

A bit of the Long Island Rail Road sticks to one's clothes. A bit of the station wagon and the beach stays with one on Fifth Avenue. In the summer months the coiffed suede slick too-tan twosomes on Main Street in the country are unquestionably New Yorkers summering.

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Thomas Hardy Revisited

by Derwent May

WHEN MACMILLAN'S new edition of the works of Thomas Hardy was being planned a year or two ago, a group of people were discussing what its title should be. Should it be based on the title of one of Hardy's novels? "The Jude Edition" was thought to be rather ill omened; then someone suggested "The Obscure Edition."

In fact, that would not have been a bad title from one point of view. Hardy is the novelist par excellence of anonymous travelers met on remote upland roads; he is the poet of nameless lovers pacing to and fro, half seen in the night and the rain. From another point of view though, no title could have been less appropriate. Hardy's fame came early in his lifetime and has never faltered since. In 1923, the Prince of Wales himself (later to become King Edward VIII) had lunch with Hardy in the gloomy, shrimp-colored villa he had built in the Dorset town of Dorchester. (Hardy's gardener opened the gate for the prince, then nipped round to the back door and served the meal.) When Hardy died five years later as an old man of eighty-seven, Virginia Woolf, then the high priestess of modernism, wrote of this traditional novelist: "The death of Thomas Hardy leaves English fiction without a leader." If interest in his novels waned somewhat in the 1940s and 1950s, those were the years of the full discovery of his poetry, which he had only started to publish when he was fifty-eight. And the New Wessex Edition of his novels (as it was eventually called), brought out before his copyright expires this year, has already been a triumphant sales success in England and has just been published here by Macmillan.

Two important new books on Thomas Hardy have also just appeared. Robert Gittings, in *Thomas Hardy's Later Years* (Little, Brown, $12.50), has illuminated clearly for the first time the ironic, Hardyesque story of the novelist-poet's two marriages. As a thirty-four-year-old architect, Hardy fell in love with and married the niece of a Cornish clergyman whose church he was helping to restore. But in this marriage, "things were not lastly as firstly well," as he put it later in a poem. The genteel Emma was irritated by Hardy's peasant relatives and by his irreligion; yet as his fame as a writer swept him into social circles far higher than her sphere, he was lionized and she was patronized. In his sixties, Hardy started meeting surreptitiously with a young London teacher, Florence Dugdale. Florence became a kind of family friend, and Gittings includes an extraordinary photograph of the two women on Worthing Beach—the slim Florence in a shining white beach wrap, with Emma sitting on the sand in front of her like a collapsed black pyramid. When Emma died, Hardy married Florence. But no sooner had he done so than he was filled with new love for his first wife and with remorse for his neglect of her. He went back to the Cornish cliffs on which he had wooed her and at seventy-three wrote the marvelous group of poems recalling their love, "Poems 1912–13," which all later critics have thought to be the crown of his poetry. Florence was soon as lonely as Emma had been in Dorchester, and the only holidays Hardy would take her on were pilgrimages to places associated with Emma.

Gittings tells this story excellently; his one weakness is the tut-tutting tone he adopts toward Hardy. Gittings sometimes even sounds as though he could have done without the poetry if only Hardy had treated his wives decently. The wives themselves stood up better to the strain of being married to a great writer. They must have known—especially Florence—that the themes of his poetry, so troubling to them personally, were his essential themes: missed opportunities, loss, desolation in the present compared with happiness "when we were looking away yet with all of that, an ongoing viva a repeated hopefulness, or alternati a contentment in such "neutral tin pleasures as an unfriendly universe allowed. Hardy had always inter to be a poet and in later life looked l on his novel-writing years as a r interim in which he had made name and his income. His poems, their simple yet perfect cadences, c catch the great themes of his novels mere handful of words. This ca seen in the exquisite little triolet, ' Hasty Wedding":

If hours be years the twain are blest
For now they solace swift desire
By bonds of every bond the best,
If hours be years. The twain are blest
Do eastern stars slope never west,
Nor pallid ashes follow fire:
If hours be years the twain are blest,
For now they solace swift desire.

Gittings tells us that this poem written when Hardy was broo over whether to marry Florence. B interest goes far beyond the biogra cal. What strikes me most in it i wonderful placing of the pause i fourth line. The gloomy though only things would last" fades a and after that pause, the cry "The t are blest" springs out with a new quite unexpected burst of hope. soon lost however, and the p ends—as one might say of mar Hardy's poems—balanced, tendi gloom. The hopeful fourth line is a fect, miniature expression of one c main themes in Hardy's greatest r *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Tess, the si farm girl with instincts too fine fo well-being, lives through terrible fortunes. Yet there are wonderful ments when her young-animal vi and a profound inner cheerfu burst out of her in the sun or i morning frost, and everything moment seems possible—even "b

Tess of the D'Urbervilles and *Ju*

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Obscure were Hardy's last full-length novels before he gave up novel writing for poetry writing. Their tragic dramas resounded through the English-speaking world of the 1890s and put the seal on his fame.

I think it would be generally agreed that *Tess* remains the most powerful of his books. Its two chief male characters both suffer the Hardyish fate of not seeing Tess for what she is until it is too late. Alec, the young landowner, coarsely seduces her but later is destroyed by his desire for her. Angel, the clergyman's son who marries her, rejects her on their wedding day when he learns she is not a virgin. He only discovers his love for Tess as she really is when her family's poverty has driven her back to Alec. As for Tess, she is the embodiment of an intoxicating dream of Hardy's—a figure that grew out of his sense of the country girls his mother and grandmother must have been when they were young (both, he knew, were pregnant before they married—his mother, with him). Tess is generous, passionate, and loyal to the point of self-destruction; and she is hanged for a murder committed out of that loyalty. The plot of the novel trembles and almost splits under the repeated blows of fate that Hardy was so good at devising; but its emotions are in the end too intense for rational objection to survive.

Jude the Obscure is not in quite the same category, and its failings are sharply defined in another new book, *An Essay on Hardy* (Cambridge University Press, $14.95), by John Bayley. Bayley's short book is a brilliant and subtle attempt to do something very difficult—namely, to describe with intimate precision the tone and form of Hardy's novels. Bayley sees two Hardys as present in most of the novels: the plot maker, clumsy and sometimes unconvincing; and the observant, poetic, sensitive writer, who often seems to use the plot simply as an occasion for his exquisite accompaniment, "groping its way forward from exploratory touch to touch." Bayley—unlike most critics today, who demand unity in art—is quite happy with this division, and his view of Hardy's novels is particularly valuable in the way it brings out the charms of the earlier books, especially *Pair of Blue Eyes*.

A Pair of Blue Eyes is another occasionally improbable story—though less tragic than *Tess*—about two young men who lose a girl through their different kinds of stupidity about her. It is wonderfully rich in strange moods and moments. There is the tense episode in which the girl, Elfride, saves a man

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However, if there are weeds growing on the ground, they will shade the soil. Thus, its temperature will be cooler than if the sun were striking it directly.

Since the temperature difference between a clean vineyard and one with weeds can be as much as six degrees, and since in most instances a mere three or four degrees difference between the ground and the air is enough to protect our vines' tender young buds against frost damage, we do everything we can to keep our vineyards clean.

Our goal, of course, is to ensure that the tender buds ultimately develop into the best possible grapes for our wines.

Pest Protection

Cultivation in the early spring also helps us control insects and pests by destroying their breeding places, above the soil and beneath its surface.

In our vineyards, we might point out, we probably do more cultivating than normal because we prefer not to use herbicides when we can avoid them.

That same policy applies to the use of insecticides. We prefer natural controls.

For example, in one of our vineyards, instead of spraying to eliminate the destructive leaf hopper, we planted a number of wild blackberry bushes nearby to provide a refuge for several colonies of wasps.

The wasps then laid their eggs within the eggs of the leaf hoppers and thus prevented them from hatching.

In another case, rather than spray with an herbicide to control a weed called puncture vines, we used weevils.

These natural enemies then burrowed into the germ of the puncture vine seeds and prevented them from sprouting.

By so protecting and nurturing our vines, we naturally improve the quality of the grapes that we grow.

Other Uses

We also rely on cultivation to enhance our fertilization programs.

Fertilizers — except for nitrogen and boron — tend to become fixed in the surface soil. In order to be sure that these nutrients reach the roots of our vines, we disk them under the ground.

Then, too, during vineyard operations, soil often becomes compacted, a condition that could destroy the vine's fine root system.

To rectify this situation, we cultivate and loosen the soil, thus providing the roots some growing room. Proper cultivation makes stronger vines: and stronger vines make better grapes.

Our Purpose

It is only by taking full advantage of all the opportunities available to us in the practice of cultivation — as in all the other facets of the art of viticulture — that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

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A Poet

ATTENTIVE eyes, fantastic heed,
Assessing minds, he does not need,
Nor urgent writs to sup or dine,
Nor pledges in the rosy wine.

For loud acclaim he does not care
By the august or rich or fair,
Nor for smart pilgrims from afar,
Curious on where his hauntings are.

But soon or later, when you hear
That he has doffed his wrinkled gear,
Some evening, at the first star-ray,
Come to his graveside, pause and say:

'Whatever his message—glad or
grim—
Two bright-souled women clave to
him;'
Stand and say that while day decays;
It will be word enough of praise.

July 1914

The Voice

WOMAN much missed, how you call to
me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who
was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view
you, then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I
knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan
wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from
norward,
And the woman calling.

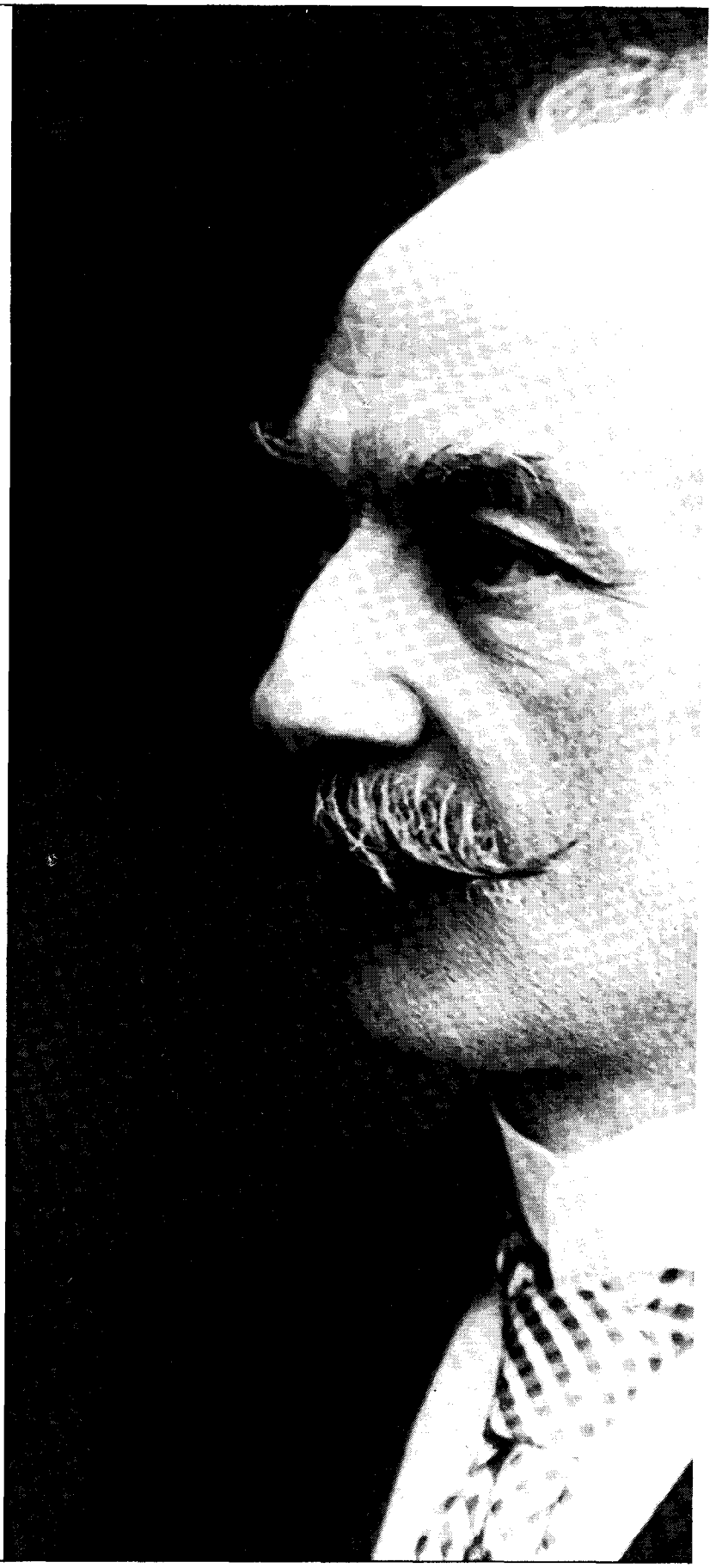
December 1912

The Wound

I CLIMBED to the crest,
And, fog-festooned,
The sun lay west
Like a crimson wound:

Like that wound of mine
Of which none knew,
For I'd given no sign
That it pierced me through.

Thomas Hardy



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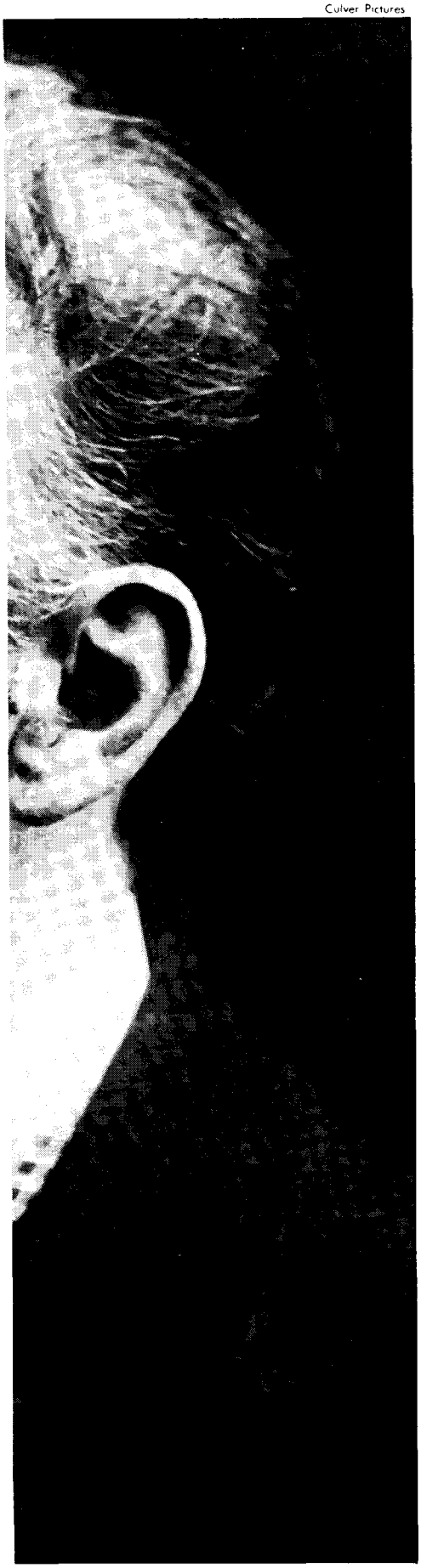
Culver Pictures



hanging over a cliff by discreetly making a rope of her plentiful Victorian underclothes. And there is the scene, grotesque and haunting at the same time, in which the rescued man, who thinks that Elfride has never been kissed before, is shown the grave of a former admirer of Elfride's, on which she used to sit with yet another young man. The latest admirer exclaims in dismay, "What, a lover in the tomb, and a lover on it?" Bayley argues convincingly that in contrast, Hardy was trying too hard in *Jude the Obscure* to produce a unified polemic against the tyrannies of class and sexual conventions—and thus the variety and delicacy so characteristic of Hardy were squeezed out.

But it must not be thought that Hardy ever lacked a strong, clear sense of social and historical realities. These in fact are particularly prominent in his other two outstanding novels, *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and *The Return of the Native*. In *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, Hardy's instinctive poetic touches are everywhere, like the butterflies that flutter down the broad main street of the town and out into the country again. The story is set in the rural England of the 1840s, with its uncertain harvests, its new mobility of the populace, its improved agricultural machinery. As for *The Return of the Native*, it is for me the most beautifully balanced of all the novels. The story of Clym, the meditative would-be schoolteacher, and Eustacia, the passionate girl of the heath, and of how they love each other without ever understanding each other is mirrored in every poetic detail: The white fence that Eustacia sees glimmering at night round Clym's house, "like white lace on velvet," seems of itself to tell how she will be both enchanted and repudiated by him. Yet the class and family backgrounds to their follies are never scamped, particularly in the portrait of Clym's ambitious and dominating mother, who meets such an uncanny end on the heath. This story has an even grander historical frame than the other: It is rooted in the restless mood of Europe after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, a mood that penetrates even to the remoteness of southwest England. *The Return of the Native* is the finest expression of Hardy's gift: that of writing exceptionally personal, romantic novels that are nevertheless—in the grand style of the nineteenth century—as solidly grounded as the world is. •

Derwent May is literary editor of The Listener. *His most recent novel is* The Laughter in Djakarta.

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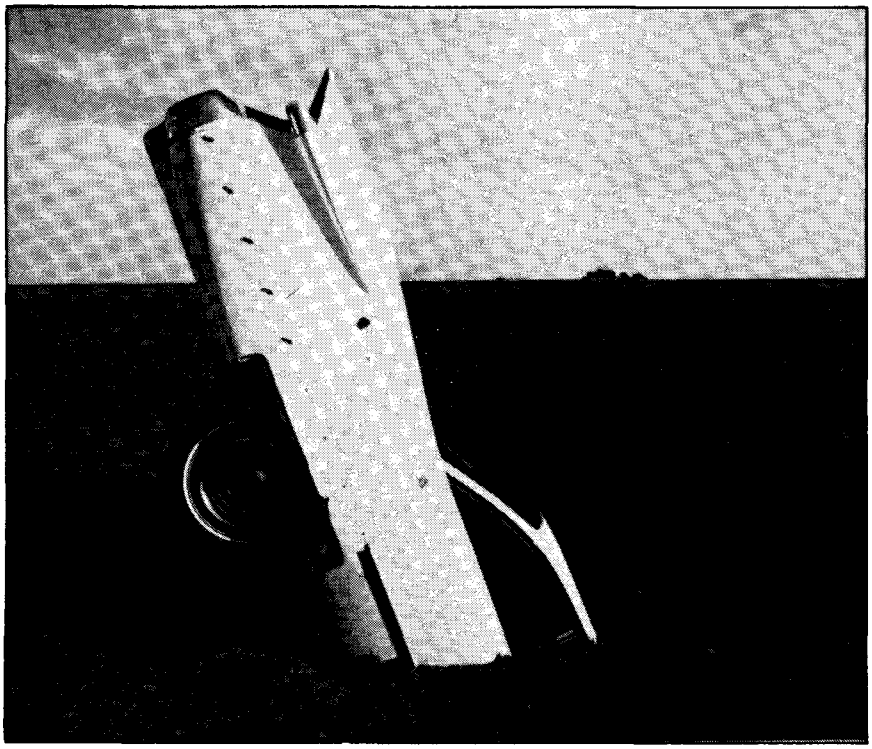
Out-of-Sight Seeing

Weird America: A Guide to Places of Mystery in the United States
by Jim Brandon
Dutton, 257 pp., $4.95 paper
Amazing America: A Guide to Over 600 Sights
by Jane and Michael Stern
David Obst/Random House, 448 pp., $6.95 paper

Reviewed by John Mariani

THERE ARE basically two kinds of travel writers—those who fly around the world in airplanes and those who drive around the United States in cars. The international writer generally begins his article with a phrase like "When-



Cadillac Ranch, Amarillo, Texas—"Ten Cadillacs, ranging from a 1949 fastback coupe to a 1960 Sedan de Ville, have been buried facedown in a row."

ever I return to the rugged hills of the Basque country..." or "Sipping a dry jeriñac that made the roof of my mouth shout 'ole!' " and will cloak the most desolate spot in the Sahara in a patina of savage romance. The USA writer begins his ruminations with a simple declarative sentence like "I pulled into a gas station in Metairie and noticed the owner looked Cajun." The international stylist imitates Graham Greene, V. S. Pritchett, and *Gourmet* magazine. The national learns from Hemingway, Steinbeck, Kerouac, Hunter Thompson, and *Texas Monthly*. No matter where these writers go, their ensuing article is always favorable to the locale, the hotel rooms, and the food. There is always an out-of-the-way hole-in-the-wall where the bouillabaisse is sensational, but by the time the reader gets to town, the eatery's been closed down by the local board of health.

The reason most travel writers are not particularly reliable is because they read one another and trust one another's choices. While driving across America with my wife recently, I found the guidebooks and travel magazines so repetitive in their recommendations that they seemed to be in a conspiracy to restrain trade. The same hotels, restaurants, and sights are always listed in the same wide-eyed prose. We enjoyed most what was listed least and shared a genuine thrill in discovering the less obvious attractions in American small towns. Some of the best moments of our three-month trip were spent in Sconyers Bar-B-Q, outside Augusta, Georgia; at the W. C. Handy Birthplace and at Helen Keller's home, in Florence, Alabama; at the Barton Whiskey Museum, in Bardstown, Kentucky; watching the custom-made waves that hydraulically crash on the beach at Big Surf, in Tempe, Arizona. And seeing Elvis Presley's gold Cadillac in the Country Music Hall of Fame, in Nashville, was to stand in awe of the truly ridiculous and be humbled.

The Sixties in America created a sorts of instant landmarks, memoria and folklore like Alice's Restaurant ar the Lorraine Motel (where Mart Luther King, Jr., was shot); and Am icans are now driving around in ca and vans and motor homes searchi for a kind of titillation not genera talked about in *Fodor's* or *Travel & L sure*. Europeans still pack themselv into small autos and drive to the sou of France or Yugoslavia just to sit in t sun and relax (and they all do it in t last two weeks of August). But Am icans are entranced by the possibiliti of romance on the open road and a ready for Disneyworld or the Annu World Chicken Plucking contest their way through Florida. Everybo writes about the former, and no or about the latter.

It is then always pleasant to find travel book that deliberately takes o off the beaten path, especially wh that path runs through the Americ landscape. The Bicentennial was a p tent shot in the domestic arm, a Americans are setting out in grea numbers than ever for places oth than Disneyworld and Yellowstone.

Weird America, by Jim Brandon pseudonym, I'm told), lives up to title more than do most books, for i unlikely that *Washington D.C. on $1 Day* would mention the Demon C which Brandon describes as "a la and ornery felid with a habit of cc fronting people late at night in the p sageways of the lower levels [of t Capitol building]. It jumps out in fr of one like a big tomcat, but then pands like an inflatable toy to the s of a panther. Just as it seems about spring, the confrontee either faints the cat-astrophe jumps over his he and simultaneously evaporates." Sy tax notwithstanding, this curious bi what-to-see serves the believing rea quite well, for the mysterious Brand is busy trying to draw "some tidy, tional pattern" from his large collect of "facts that don't fit." *Weird Americ* a guide to the phenomenal, the ee the unexplained, and the just plain s in our country. The book is full of U sightings, mysterious lights off coast of Rhode Island, strange St Age inscriptions in Minnesota, wit craft museums in New York, and d gerous stretches of highway Pocatello, Idaho, where people seem have accidents for no apparent reas

Much of *Weird America* falls into Erich von Daniken school of resea category: Brandon does not try to plain anything but cites only the odc and its location. In Gonzales, Lo

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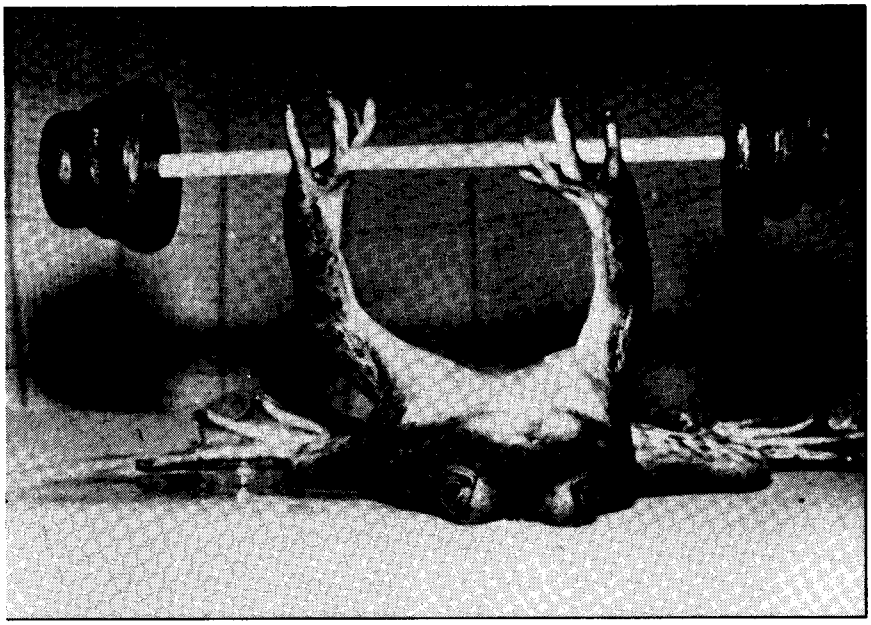

Croaker College, Sacramento, California—"Under Professor Steed's tutelage, frogs are transformed from neurotic do-nothings into superamphibian overachievers."

siana, for example, Sheriff Hickley Naguespack and "scores of witnesses" watched a "blob of brilliance cavorting along the road and over nearby tree-tops." Brandon then adds, "Unfortunately, this is the only information I have on the supposed site." He also finds an air of mystery in Florissant, Colorado, where one can see flies embedded in amber, which doesn't strike me as particularly mysterious or even very interesting. But there is much in his book to quicken the receptive pulse, and a little local folklore never hurt anyone. So Brandon alerts you to the possible existence of snallygasters, small nocturnal creatures, half bird and half reptile, that appear somewhere outside of Baltimore. He tells of the Penitentes of New Mexico, a cult of religious fanatics who annually "crucify" one of their members in imitation of Christ's suffering. And then he mentions the "crying tree," of La Feria, Texas, that until it died—within the past five years—shed up to 18 gallons of liquid each day. Brandon takes all his a bit too seriously; every funny-looking rock or runic rhyme is treated with awe, and he will write in astonishment that in Terlingua, Texas, "for some completely baffling reason, a group addicted to the cooking and eating of chili beans holds its annual 'cook-off championship.' "

Somewhat in the same league is *Amazing America*, although here the emphasis is on the eccentric activities, memorials, and customs of Americans. Authors Jane and Michael Stern sound as if they have actually witnessed the International Worm Fiddling Contest in Caryville, Florida, and the Kewpie Doll Festival in Bransom, Missouri. *Amazing America* is reminiscent of Bill Thomas's *Tripping in America* (1974), a book devoted to down-home and grass roots divertisements, many of which are mentioned by the Sterns. Each volume is laid out state by state, but the Sterns' book is quite different: It is more precise than the out-of-print Thomas book and is easier to carry on your way to the eye-gouging and ear-biting contests held annually at Fort Bridger, Wyoming.

Amazing America is a gimmick book of course, but unlike *Weird America*, it does not take itself seriously nor is it enraptured of the mystical. The Sterns are more interested in the way Americans in small towns create distinction for themselves. In Audubon, Iowa, for example, stands the world's largest concrete-and-steel statue of a bull, named Albert. Just what Albert is doing there is not explained. If for some reason one has an overpowering urge to pay homage to Johnny Carson, his birthplace is on the corner of Thirteenth and Davis streets in Corning, Iowa. Wichita, Kansas, is the location of Leroy Hamilton's Motorcycle Museum, housing exactly four old motorcycles belonging to Leroy. You must call him in advance, and he'll show you his bikes for free and tell you a million stories about them.

Variety of zaniness, egotism of private enterprise, or tongue-in-cheek hucksterism invests these projects, and they all provide the reader with a map of America's greatest eccentricities, which in their own way tell us just how far our neighbors will go to make a buck or a name for themselves by designing something that is the biggest, the smallest, the most vulgar, or the silliest game in town. And even though the Sterns keep their heads when writing about the grave of Nixon's dog, Checkers, in Wantagh, New York, they still maintain a creditable childlike fascination for the truly unique, and they can write with affection that Lookout Mountain, Tennessee—the birthplace of miniature golf—is "still a vital landmark in the evolution of leisure-time activities." That's an insight worth savoring as one passes through. ◉

John Mariani has just returned from a trip across the country and is at work on a romantic travelogue based on his experiences.

"Indeterminate Facade," Houston, Texas—"A spectacular example of radical architecture. . . . It looks like a building that has survived a severe bombing."

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Whitewashing the CIA

Honorable Men:
My Life in the CIA
by William Colby with Peter Forbath
Simon & Schuster, 493 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by John Phillips

THE LIST of directors of the Central Intelligence Agency is ever lengthening. William Colby was the director before the director (George Bush) before the incumbent director, Admiral Stanisfield Turner. Out of his long career in the CIA, Colby offers no new horror stories; he simply tidies up those we have already heard. He means to hide nothing of the agency's disgrace, but he wants to put it in its "proper perspective" (a favored if not a persuasive phrase that recurs in these pages). Despite the Bay of Pigs, Vietnam, Watergate—despite all the contumely and woe the CIA has known—this man insists that an efficient intelligence service is feasible under the Constitution. He makes earnest and diverse proposals for a future in which none of the old transgressions will be repeated, or at least not without the approval of Congress.

After so much nasty writing by Agee, Marchetti, Stockwell, Snepp, and other defectors from the agency, director Turner should be happy for an author who is faithful to his secrecy vow. There's nothing here to provoke the Justice Department; nothing to enlighten the KGB. *Honorable Men* is of no consequence as literature or as history; it is a thorough apologia from the highest echelons of the CIA.

In World War II, Colby was an army paratrooper assigned to the Office of Strategic Services, that gloriously unorthodox precursor of the CIA. He fought with guerrilla groups behind the German lines in France and Norway—a brave and dangerous war. Colby became a government lawyer after the war and eagerly joined the newly created CIA. His motives were, as ever, lofty. They are given to us in the sometimes pontifical language of this memoir: "The offer was certainly tempting, evoking the challenge of great international events and struggles on behalf of the same freedom we had defended against Hitler....All I had to decide was whether, in the fight against Communist totalitarianism, I could be of more use on regular military duty or in the ranks of the CIA." He stayed with the agency for more than 30 years.

During those years, Colby faced many dangers and took many risks. He must have known satisfaction and excitement, but you'd hardly know it from this autobiography, which sustains a level of monotony that is nearly soporific. Apparently Peter Forbath, former foreign correspondent, was engaged to pep up the manuscript, which he attempts to do with magazine gimmicks, flashbacks, and passages of expository dialogue no sober man would utter: "So, you see, Sy, you would be wrong if you went ahead with your story in the way you've laid it out. What you have are a few incidents of the Agency's straying from the straight and narrow. There certainly never was anything like a 'massive illegal domestic intelligence operation.'"

Sy—Seymour Hersh of *The New York Times*—was onto a story about the CIA's domestic crimes that was "bigger than My-Lai." Colby's references to Hersh are remarkably cordial, since it is Hersh, more than Jack Anderson or Daniel Schorr—more than any combination of reporters—who emerges as the CIA's journalistic adversary. Distorted as it inevitably was, Hersh's story brought on Colby's long ordeal before the Rockefeller Commission, Senator Church's Select Committee on Intelligence, and—especially grueling—the House Select Committee on Intelligence, under Congressman Otis Pike. Colby thought Pike's staff were "ragtag, immature and publicity seeking...a bunch of children out to seize the most sensational high ground they could." What the agency archly called "The Family Jewels"—assassination plots, LSD experiments, mind control, Mafia connections, and uses of shellfish toxin, cobra venom, and the nondiscernible microbioinoculator dart gun—were openly discussed and displayed before the television cameras. (There were some 693 pages describing some 700 violations or possible violations of the CIA's legislative charter.)

At the last, Colby decided that only a policy of full cooperation with the investigators in return for guarantees of secrecy could save the agency. This policy made him enemies among his colleagues, did not win the crucial support of Henry Kissinger, and did not charm President Ford, who kept at a sanitary distance from the sickening state of the CIA. In November 1975, Ford fired William Colby.

The president offered the usual consolatory ambassadorship, this one to NATO; just as Nixon had given Iran to Richard Helms at the end of his directorship two years before. Colby turned down the offer. He is not of the same temperament as Richard Helms, t suave, chain-smoking witness wl swore to the Senate Foreign Relatio Committee that his organization h neither attempted to overthrow t Allende government nor financed t opposition forces—which have be massacring former supporters Allende ever since.

Colby was also unlike Helms in tl he was not a lion for Washington ho esses. "To them," Richard Harris wr in *The New Yorker*, April 10, 19 "[Helms] was a romantic, mysteric figure who held the nation's darkest crets....They loved him." Colby had such luck. It's hard to imagine him t guest of honor—as Helms was in t midst of his chicanery—at a dinner f turing Stuart Symington, W. Aver Harriman, Robert McNamara, H ry Kissinger, as warrantors of integri

COLBY'S BACKGROUND w not that of the inte ligence gentry. The son a schoolteacher and an army officer, describes his solemn youth: an arr brat shifting from post to post with l father's assignments; a Catholic al boy growing up in the Protestant esta lishment; a short, skinny, bespectacl student at Princeton (the alma mater the gentleman spymaster All Dulles), where the best eating clubs nored him and to help pay his tuitic he waited on tables. There is a swea earnest quality to Colby's story: a ser of a not deeply perceptive man w was anxious to succeed trying terril hard at the diverse and ugly tasks before him, a sense of a man eager at costs to do right. The costs were inc culable.

To William Colby and his fellow ic alists the cold war was less a politi consequence of the earlier "fig against Fascist totalitarianism" kno as World War II than simply an exte sion of that war, another phase in "defense of freedom." No matter t Russia was now the foe and Japan a Germany our friends, the essent conflict was the same—the forces Light versus the powers of Darkne The altar boy had no problem choosi sides, no "moral conflict," no questic about means and ends; a fighter for Light is frequently in a state of gra Besides, to Colby the CIA may h seemed like an eating club that h never joined at Princeton. He p gnantly recalls that:

Joining the CIA back in 1950 was a hig esteemed, indeed a rather glamorous fashionable and certainly a most patri thing to do....The Agency was conside

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the vanguard of the fight for democracy and it attracted...the best and the brightest, the politically liberal young men and women from the finest Ivy League campuses and with the most impeccable social and establishment backgrounds...who believed fervently that the Communist threat had to be met aggressively, innovatively and courageously.

In this vanguard, Colby organized spy networks throughout Scandinavia without the knowledge or consent of any of its governments; he considered this a service to "the fraternity of freedom." With the CIA's treasury at his disposal, he bribed politicians, financed political parties, and rigged elections in Italy, firm in his knowledge that morality prevails over legality—anyway, he reasoned, the Communists do these things all the time. For his many years as a loser against the Darkness in Vietnam—from the Strategic Hamlets program to the Phoenix program, which Colby claims resulted in 20,000 deaths among the Viet Cong "infrastructure"—he has few regrets and some small pride. He regrets that President Kennedy's "vacillation" led to the assassination of Colby's friends the Diem brothers, for whom he had high hopes as the eventual leaders of a "free nation." The Diems aside, it would appear from this book that Colby's efforts to organize villagers against the Viet Cong met with unrecognized success.

Colby always tried to do right, even when it brought him the scorn of many who thought he'd betrayed the agency to Congress. A virtuous man immersed in sin and trained in pitting evil against evil may end up a fool or a menace. At the end, Colby was more a Boy Scout than a Beria. "Is this a dangerous man?" asked Leonid Brezhnev, when Richard Nixon introduced him to Colby at a White House ceremony. Brezhnev was clowning; he recoiled in mock alarm from the director of the American KGB. Colby had no witty riposte; he wanted only to do right, to reassure the Russian premier: "Mr. Secretary-General, the more we know about each other, the safer we all will be." The director's words were reasonable, sincere, full of the spirit of détente, but when addressed to a man of Brezhnev's dark sophistication, to a Soviet intriguer who had outpatienced Stalin, and Beria too, they become embarrassing. The secretary-general listened to the interpreter's translation, then turned away coldly. Colby's comment on this is rueful: "I wish I could say he agreed with me." Shucks. Don't take it too hard, Mr. Colby. ◉

John Phillips is a free-lance writer.

The Panovs Dance into Politics

To Dance
by Valery Panov with George Feifer
Knopf, 416 pp., $15

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

WHEN I was living in Moscow in 1970, a friend arranged for me to give English lessons to a Bolshoi Ballet choreographer who was about to leave for Australia. Then came the defection of Natalia Makarova while the Kirov Ballet was on tour in London. My friend hastily informed me that the English lessons were off.

"It [Makarova's defection] reaches all the way to Moscow," she explained in an embarrassed tone. "If Boris were to take English lessons from an American now, his trip would surely be canceled. They [the KGB] are going crazy—no one who has foreign contacts will have any chance of making a foreign trip."

In Soviet terms, this makes perfect sense. The talents of the individual are the property of the state. Any Soviet citizen who sees foreigners must be untrustworthy; ergo, people with foreign friends cannot make foreign trips.

Valery Panov's book, written in collaboration with journalist and novelist George Feifer, depicts in fascinating detail both the idiocy and the evil of this system. The memoirs of political dissidents have told us what the system does to heroes; Panov tells us what happens to people of more ordinary mettle.

Panov of course bore incredible punishment from the moment he applied to leave for Israel, in 1972, until he and his wife were finally allowed to leave, in 1974 (as the result of continuing protests from famous artists and Jewish groups around the world). The KGB not only saw to it that Panov and his wife, Galina Ragozina, lost their jobs as stars of the Kirov but in a vengeful attempt to destroy them as dancers, the authorities barred them from practicing in any suitable empty room and even from doing lifts in public parks. Everything was tried, from crude efforts to break up the marriage to a last-minute attempt to poison Panov. The account of these dramatic and painful episodes occupies the last third of the book.

For the greater part of his life, though, Panov was an ordinary Soviet citizen who happened to be extraordinarily gifted as a dancer. His account of the pressures and compromises and

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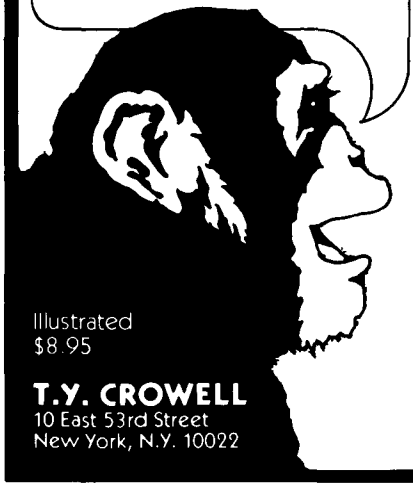

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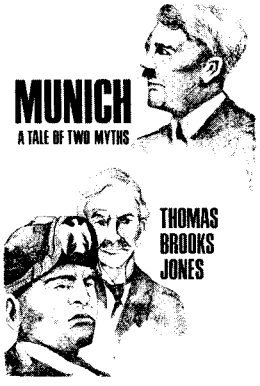


Published by Dorrance & Co., 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pa. 19003. $3.95.

corruption that affect everyone in the "official" Soviet cultural world is in many respects a more significant document than the tale of his life after he became a cause célèbre.

Panov's real name is not Panov but Shulman. He took the name of his first wife—a practice allowed under Soviet law—after being advised that he would go farther in the ballet world if he did not have a Jewish surname. This has been a common practice among Soviet Jews (particularly among those who, like Panov, have only one Jewish parent) since World War II. Such name changes do not fool the KGB, but they do afford some protective coloration.

Panov's candor about his unwillingness to identify himself as a Jew for most of his life will not, I suspect, endear him to those who want to see the emigration movement from the Soviet Union purely as a struggle for Jewish identity. But I found his account an honest presentation of the internal personal ambivalence as well as the external pressures that shape the lives of "assimilated" Soviet Jews.

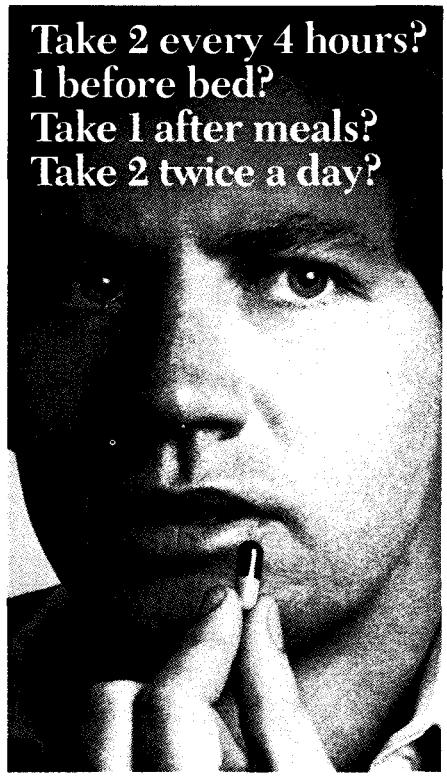
The most valuable sections of the book describe the Soviet mania for repression and retribution following the defections of Rudolf Nureyev and Makarova. Makarova's defection led directly to the dismissal of the respected Konstantin Sergeyev, the Kirov's director.

One night, Sergeyev returned to his old seat in the director's box to view a performance. An electrician turned a spotlight on him, and the audience applauded in the only demonstration that cannot be punished. The next day, Panov reports, the electrician was fired.

Unfortunately, neither Panov as a storyteller nor Feifer as a writer has found the words to describe the impact of political interference on the *style* of Soviet ballet. There is far too much of what the late A. J. Liebling called "magic and moonbeams" music criticism; "profound" and "deep" are not substitutes for precise descriptions of how dancers dance.

This lack of descriptive ability is regrettable but does not significantly alter the book's value as a perceptive, firsthand account of political interference with art and artists. Since 1970, the Soviet Union has lost more artists and intellectuals than any other country has since the 1930s, when there was a massive flight from Nazi Germany. Panov tells us why. ◉

Susan Jacoby, a free-lance writer who lived in Moscow for two years, is the author of Moscow Conversations *and* Inside Soviet Schools.



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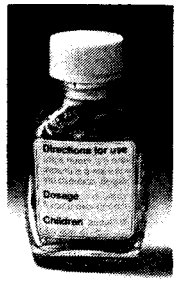

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Books in Brief

Zip: A Novel of the Left and the Right
by Max Apple
Viking, 224 pp., $8.95

Some novels seem to start with a pistol shot, as if their end was a mere 60-yard dash away. Remember Budd Schulberg's unscrupulous Sammy Glick on the make in Hollywood? Sammy ran. From page one. And Schulberg's prose kept pace with his hero to the finish line.

Max Apple's first novel has this same breakneck narrative drive, with the added embellishments of quick wit and a runaway imagination. But times change, and so do our heroes. Apple's Ira Goldstein, Sammy's latter-day counterpart, is a nice Jewish Detroit boy on the make in the mid-1960s. Unfortunately for him, these are radical, angst-ridden years, when America's image of success is muddied up with politics, social awareness, and self-discovery.

Ira is decent, likable, hopeless with women, a daydreamer. He cares for his widowed mother, toils dutifully in his father's junk business, and according to his crusty, outspoken grandmother lacks even the zip to produce for her the Jewish grandchild buried in his loins. Still, Ira seizes opportunity when it jumps at him in the form of Jesús Martínez, a flashy Marxist Puerto Rican prizefighter whom Ira befriends and then manages until the boxer is ready for an important bout.

What happens next defies summary and should not be taken seriously. Two years ago in his collection of stories *The Oranging of America*, Apple displayed a bizarre talent for setting off realistic cultural references against pop fantasy, and he uses this technique again at midpoint in *Zip*. Suddenly, Ira is informing to J. Edgar Hoover, who is later kidnapped by Fidel Castro. Jesús propositions Jane Fonda in front of Tom Hayden. Enter Howard Cosell, as abrasive as ever. In a climactic scene, Jesús fights Tiger Williams in Havana while Hoover is suspended from a cage above the ring. The issues? The world's middleweight championship and a final decision between capitalism and communism.

In this outrageous wedding of sports and politics, as in everything else, Apple has no strong convictions. He makes entertaining happenings, not statements. Up to now his forte has been fictional playfulness. Predictably, some will call for a more critical perspective from him, but meanwhile it is refreshing to frolic with so brisk a writer. —ROBERT MAURER

Better Times than These
by Winston Groom
Summit Books, 411 pp., $10.95

For the men of Winston Groom's infantry company engaged in search-and-destroy missions early in the Vietnam War, political squabbles between hawks and doves back home resound dimly, like the chatter of distant birds heard during battle lulls. Even in a figurative sense, Groom's are ground troops; their viewpoints, limited and personal. From the time of their embarkation at San Francisco to the pointless annihilation of their outfit on an indefensible hill less than a year later, theirs are the concerns dominating American war fiction since *The Red Badge of Courage*: onerous duties, military stupidity, an incomprehensible enemy, their costly metamorphosis from raw troops to seasoned fighters, fear, the unlikelihood of survival. By the end, some prove cowardly; a few commit an atrocity. But their values remain steady—*those of good soldiers, not of a good country.*

Perhaps it is the familiarity of these concerns that makes Groom's account seem so deliberately fashioned and unresonant and that melds the distinctive, ghastly debacle that was Vietnam into a oneness with all wars. To his considerable credit, a wealth of authentic reportage has gone into *Better Times than These.* Working squarely in the tradition of James Jones, to whom he dedicates this first work, Groom is deft at catching the feel of military life, skillful in limning a unit's composite portrait while also depicting the robust, down-to-earth vitality of individual soldiers in a world turned malevolent.

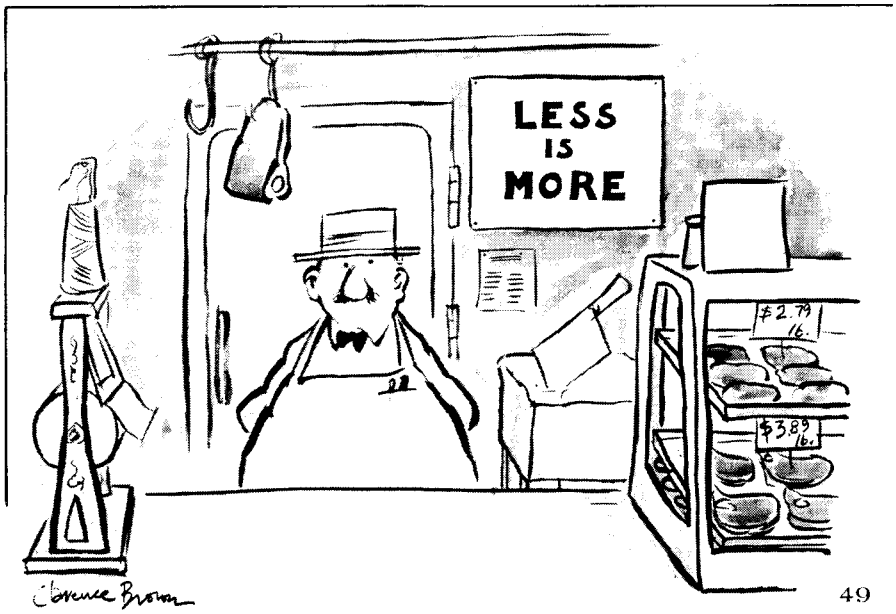
Though written with no illusions, little bitterness, and immense compassion, *Better Times than These* is not the long-awaited novel that will encompass all the complexities of Vietnam. For a precedent-shattering war, new fictional forms must still be imagined. —R.M.

Sakuran: A Novel of Medieval Japan
by Edward Tolosko
Farrar, Straus & Giroux,
273 pp., $9.95

Edward Tolosko has pulled off an unusual feat in his first novel: total immersion in an ancient civilization to which he surrenders his own voice. His *Sakuran* seems less like an original work than a translation of a thirteenth-century Japanese manuscript, or a silk-screen painting set to motion.

The scene is formal, two-dimensional, ceremonious. Foreground, the peaceful fiefdom of Ikoma: its castles, fields, pottery kilns, trading caravans. In a courtyard, a venerable teacher trains Prince Jujiro and his friend Tasuke in the samurai code of swordsmanship. A tearoom, where the young lords visit their beloved princesses. A forest, where they hunt deer. The landscape, dotted with court retainers, soldiers, a traitorous villain, a mendicant healer.

When this historical set piece is animated, spinning out its leisurely saga of national honor, extraordinary battle deeds by samurai warriors, and bittersweet romantic love, most Western readers will experience mild culture shock, conditioned as they are to expect realistic psychology and cause-and-effect plots in fiction. How long they stick with *Sakuran*, I imagine, will depend upon their curiosity and their tolerance for the strange. —R.M.



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FINE PRINT

Women on Women

by Doris Grumbach

FOR FAR TOO LONG, evidence of women's existence was absent from cultural history, even from much of literature. Like blacks, women were invisible. But the injustice is being corrected. Indeed, it sometimes seems *over*corrected. We are now deluged with periodicals, letters, diaries, biographies, and autobiographies written by obscure women who have gained recognition primarily (sometimes entirely) because they are female.

Lella Secor: A Diary in Letters 1915–1922 (Burt Franklin/Artemis Books, $14.95 cloth, $5.95 paper) is a case in point. Born in the Midwest in 1887, Lella Secor traveled to the West Coast, became a journalist, and then went east in 1915 to sail aboard Henry Ford's peace ship, the *Oscar II*. She was a convinced pacifist, and so she became one of "a body of unofficial delegates to Europe," joining "representatives of other neutral countries in a conference designed to establish continuous mediation of the conflicts in Europe."

In the letters in this volume, written to her sisters and mother, Lella tells of her sea voyage, the other "pilgrims," the activities in Europe for peace, and her later work against armed preparedness in the United States. Aboard ship she meets the publisher Benjamin W. Heubsch, about whom she is very enthusiastic, but her feelings about her host are ecstatic: "Henry Ford is a prince among men."

Lella Secor is a mistress of the cliché and a writer of curious, uninformative, flat, superlative-laden prose. What is worse, she has a way of tantalizing us by mentioning exciting events and important ideas, then leaving them without further enlightenment. "Last night," she writes to her mother from New York, where she went to work as a freelance journalist in 1916, "I staid all night with Anne because Hiram was away. We got into a shooting fray down in the Italian quarter which was quite exciting. Both of us had all sorts of thrills from our experience." End of information.

Everyone she meets is "fine," every hour spent with these "fine people" is "perfect," every speech she hears is "peerless." She does not "go off on a suffrage tangent" because she is too involved in trying to stop the war. Later, Lella marries an Englishman, moves to Cambridge, and becomes active in the birth control movement.

Dealing cursorily with great events and filled with trivia, the letters make this reader wonder if such insignificant chatter throws light on anything but the shallow mind of one letter-writing young woman. Burt Franklin & Co. promises five more volumes of diaries and first-person accounts in its American Women's Diary Series. I only hope the quality and interest of subsequent volumes improve.

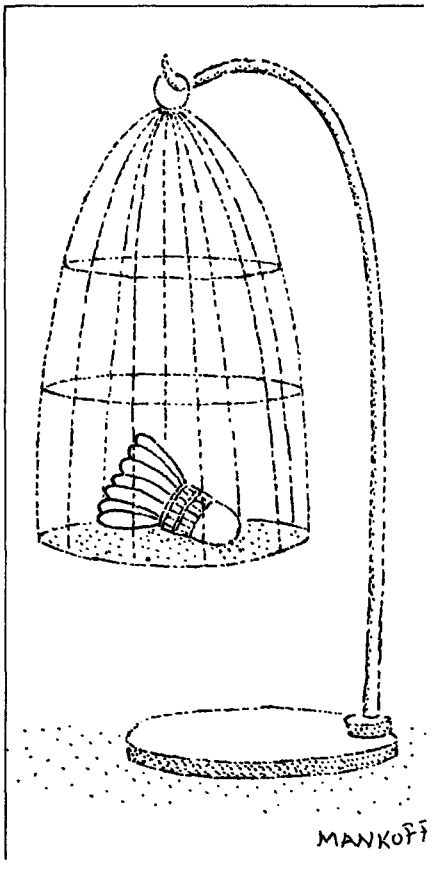
The Feminist Press (Box 334, Old Westbury, New York 11568) on the other hand has recently put out a remarkable book of letters, *The Maimie Papers* ($15.95 cloth, $6.95 paper), written by Maimie Pinzer Benjamin, a young, half-Jewish girl from an unhappy family who became a prostitute for lack of money, training, or education.

Maimie was befriended by Fanny Quincy Howe, a Boston aristocrat, to whom she wrote these 24 letters between 1910 and 1922. They are indeed documents of the hidden life of women in those years, written by an extraordinary woman. Maimie gave up prostitution, became a secretary, went into business for herself in Montreal, and when she felt the hostility of the male business community, made her apartment into a halfway house for young would-be and actual prostitutes.

Maimie writes well. Her letters evoke from us an overwhelming sympathy and affection for her as a sensitive, talented woman caught in and yet able to rise above the exigencies of lower-class life. Herbert Welsh, a Philadelphia social worker, helped and advised her as she struggled through a series of afflictions—not least the loss of an eye to syphilis—to establish herself in a more respectable life, but even he exhibited a strong male bias. Maimie writes to Mrs. Howe:

> I got a hat and turned it myself....To me it does not look loud, as I haven't even drawn the ribbon all around the hat, but just made the bow. And I thought Mr. Welsh would like it....But just as I was dressing, I decided to put on the little blue hat—but then didn't, as it seemed like petty conceit—and put on the large one....Mr. Welsh remarked that I dressed too loud. So I said I had on only the dress you sent—the dotted one. Then he said the dress was all right, but the hat was frightful....He told me he thought I ought to go to a hospital and let them try to make it possible for me to wear a glass eye. Really, if I thought there was half a chance, wouldn't I be only too glad?—but it is impossible...for I have no eyelids, or lashes, or anything that looks like anything that generally holds an eye in place...and yet Mr. Welsh said I should go regardless of what I personally think, as long as he wanted me to.

Without ever complaining or crying out against the injustice of the patriarchal world in which she lives, Maimie gives us more than enough poignant detail to make us see vividly her world and the gallantry of her spirit. She was not trying to "make it" in the traditional American sense of attaining riches or power but turned her energies instead to helping other women like herself. Fanny Quincy Howe left these letters to her daughter, the novelist Helen Howe, who gave them to Radcliffe's Schlesinger Library. Ruth Rosen has written an informative introduction to them, and the text was edited by Sue Davidson. A work of genuine interest, value, and even—that nice, outdated word—edification. ◉



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SATURDAY REVIEW: PLEASURES

Oh, Cuisine!/Tied to the Steak

by Gordon Lish

LIKE EVERY interesting American, I live in New York City—and like every resident New Yorker, I never eat at home. My four children range in age from six to twenty-two, and insofar as memory serves me, I do not hazard the slightest exaggeration when I state that not one of those children has ever been obliged to suffer the experience of a home-cooked meal. It's true that once in a blue moon one of them gets a trifle foolish about some crazy American claim for "wholesomeness," and when the kid gets really disgusting about it, the missus comes across with a Uneeda Biscuit and a couple of fingers of Coke. We let him eat it squatting in front of the wall where the fireplace would be if we had one, and that shuts the kid's trap up for 8 to 10 months easy.

The point is, what do I eat and where do I like to eat it when I go to all the New York restaurants I am always going to? The answer to the first question is steak, and the one or two to the second is Christ Cella or Peter Luger, seeing as how it depends on whether it's sirloin or porterhouse I want in the picture.

Christ Cella is set up in midtown Manhattan, and it looks like hell inside and out, which is okay by me since that probably runs off a lot of foot traffic and keeps the daters out. Mainly it's your serious eaters you're going to discover at their edibles in there, and if you factor in how they've got all those waiters in wraparound aprons and how those brutes of men have got to deliver the stuff to your table on pretty stout carts, that's atmosphere enough—unless you're an interior decorator or worse.

So far as the ordering goes, the way I see it there's only one thing to get yourself in a state about, and that's in the potato department. You've got the home fries and you've got the shoestring fries, and if you can make up your mind about these without changing it too many times, you're in business. Listen, I'll make it safe for you. You equivocate at Christ Cella at your own risk, since your average Christ Cella waiter is not exactly the sort of type you want to go changing things around on too much.

Me, it's the shoestring fries and the sirloin and a spinach salad on the side—and the same goes for every last member of my family, except once in a while I let the wife slip in a baked potato just to prove I'm a sport. Personally, I don't see any reason to stand in the way of the Women's Movement if all it costs me is a baked potato every once in a while.

Let's not talk about the dessert too much because here's where you could make a strong man cry. I don't know what you've had in the way of a napoleon in your life, but you *haven't* until you've had the little number Christ Cella features. If you don't mind, I think I'm going to take that up a notch and declare that you haven't even had *dessert* until you've had the thing I'm talking about. I'm sorry—I can't risk talking about it any more: My six-year-old is standing here as I type this, and I don't think it's healthy for the kid to see me come apart before he has children of his own.

Anyhow, that's it and that's it for Christ Cella, except to warn you to call up about six months in advance. Meaning, the word is out, and it's been out for long enough you've even got Canadians trying to get into the place—and they've got the edge on you, seeing as how it's through CARE and the Red Cross that they make their reservations.

Peter Luger is another story altogether. Here you've got what you might call atmosphere, but I wouldn't get carried away about it if I were you. I mean, what you've got is more like color than atmosphere, what with some old lamps on the walls and scrubbed wood tables without any cloths on them to interfere with the grain. I guess color covers the way they serve the steak too, either jacking up the platter on top of everybody's water glass or scooting a dish under one side so that the runny stuff collects in a pool where you can get at it with a spoon.

Not tough deliberating here either, nor are you stressed beyond endurance with something on the order of a menu. Clutter is something neither Christ Cella nor Luger is about to bother you with, so all you've got to do is tell the big bozo standing there what it is you want, which *I'm* telling you first just to keep the headache out of it. (You can hear your share of Italian sailing on the ethers inside of Christ Cella, whereas it's German at Luger; and if you want my personal advice, you'll hasten to make sure the waiters in both places are persuaded to form a nice opinion of you right from the start.) Speak up and make it fast and be *decisive* about it, reciting as follows: sliced beef tomatoes and Bermuda onions, a double steak (and that goes for whether you're a population of two *or* four), French fries (the O'Briens O'Brien can keep), and pecan pie. Trust me, that's *plenty* for your average glutton—because what I haven't told you about is the bread they throw in for free: a sliced rye and a species of roll that could have kept Marie Antoinette in one piece. Beats me where Luger gets these baked beauties, and don't think I'm going to be a hero and ask. Just take my word for it—you could bring the rabble to its knees with what's doing at Luger in the way of bread.

You'll find Peter Luger in Brooklyn, in the Williamsburg district, a precinct that's sort of war-torn but safe enough if you don't get a leg cramp and fall too far behind the rest of the squad.

All right, that's everything I know except telephone numbers and addresses, and those I figure you're inventive enough to turn up for yourself. On the other hand, if you're not smart enough to be a New Yorker, who knows? ◉

Gordon Lish is an editor at Knopf.

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 112

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 59.*

Q M M T I E G I N I R O
H M K T M P T I E T Q
O L M W J T D M P T -
J O X M R U G
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E J M G O M Q O O M D -
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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Nashville Live

by Horace Sutton

A TRADE MAGAZINE that occupies itself with the world of innkeeping came down to Nashville recently to work up a story on the new Opryland Hotel, a sanctuary for travelers that opened last fall within the shadow of the new Grand Ole Opry, and that musical version of Luna Park called Opryland, U.S.A. The editors took one eye-rupturing look at this 614-room extravaganza, with its Olympic-size swimming pool, its six lighted tennis courts, its skylighted shopping gallery, and its 56 suites, and posed a penetrating

Onstage at the Grand Ole Opry—"Not a dry eye anywhere."

question that must come to the mind of anyone who turns into the elegant porte cochere of this many-columned, many-bricked complex.

"This Is Country?" asked the magazine's headline. It was a fair question, considering that all this grandeur grew out of some twanging and fiddling that began 53 years ago. It was on a late November day in 1925 that a fiddler named Jimmy Thompson jiggled his bow over the strings of his violin, sending the sounds of the first *WSM Barn Dance* into the microphones of the WSM studio at Nashville's National Life and Accident Insurance Company.

It took several years before an ad lib that went out over the air was to give Nashville's prime industry its indelible name. NBC had been broadcasting classical music interspersed with solemn incantations by Walter Damrosch. The *WSM Barn Dance* followed Damrosch and his longhair music. The Nashville announcer said, "For the last hour, you have been listening to grand opera. Now we will present Grand Ole Opry." It was country, and it was corny, and it stuck forever.

Grand Ole Opry is the oldest continuous radio program in the country. Long ago it moved out of WSM's radio studios, and for a time it moved into a variety of tabernacles and theaters. Many followers will remember the Ryman Auditorium in downtown Nashville, which was *Grand Ole Opry*'s home until a handsome slope-roof, brick-style Opry House was built for it along sleek modern lines. The new Opry House, with its incongruous name, considering its rakish looks, opened in March of 1974, establishing the centerpiece of the complex that would ultimately include Opryland U.S.A., a 217-acre amusement and entertainment park; the *Grand Ole Opry* radio show; the Opry House (called the largest broadcast and television studio and auditorium in the world); Grand Ole Opry Tours (visits to homes of the country music stars and other cultural landmarks); and Opryland Hotel.

The Opryland, which put the cap on this spreading industry that a little fiddle scratching started, is the largest convention hotel in Tennessee. Pictures of Jackson, Polk, and Andrew Johnson—Tennessee's presidents—adorn its walls. Equally as impressive, from the presidential suite, with its spiral staircase, red carpet, and piano, is the view of the home of Roy Acuff, the shahinshah of country music, known for "The Wabash Cannonball" and "The Great Speckled Bird."

At the hotel, guests assemble on the bare wood floor—no sawdust—of The Saloon to sip whiskey, retire to the Old Hickory for fine dining, to Rachel's Kitchen for grits, eggs, and coffee, or in good weather to the Veranda, an outdoor restaurant where groups play music in the gazebos. The Stagedoor Lounge is a show bar of the sort Las Vegas hasn't seen, with the customers distributed on seven tiers that rise two stories high overlooking the stage.

Upstairs, the guest rooms are equipped with seven-foot-long beds, each with its own electric blanket. A panelboard that can be operated by any normal person with two years of engineering school education has systems for a self-programming wake-up system, a signal for early maid service, emergency message signals, and two channels of music, one country.

Despite these grand amenities, which perhaps led the trade publication to ask, "This Is Country?", the designers of the Opryland Hotel insist that the style they chose is modeled after middle Tennessee homes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. By that, I think they mean that after all those glass towers with glass elevators that have risen across the nation, theirs is a design that is southern and traditional and never shouts out loud.

Opryland Hotel functions as a storehouse for those who come to play in Opryland U.S.A., a big, upbeat park that fairly quivers with music. Like any proper playland, it has rides, both scary and docile; but whichever, most have musical names. A corkscrew roller coaster that inverts your insides while it turns you upside down twice is called the Wabash Cannonball. Another is called the Rock 'n' Roller Coaster. Even the more placid outings, such as the German Carousel with swings suspended from its top, known here as the Tennessee Waltz, adopt musical names.

The young visitors prefer Opryland's rides. There are 19 from which to choose. This year's nausea inducer is a contraption called The Barnstormer, a 92-foot tower from which a dozen four-passenger biplanes built to resemble vintage craft are suspended on cables. The planes are spun around the tower, and then the cables are released, allowing the planes to drop 40 feet in a free fall guaranteed to leave one's stomach on a passing tuft of cumulus.

Opryland is based on musical themes, and not just country and western. Scattered around the grounds are 13 live musical shows, the most extravagant of which is a pastiche called *Broadway!*, new this year, employing 18 singers and a 16-piece orchestra. Performed on the stage of the new Opry

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House, *Broadway!* includes snatches of shows designed to summon nostalgic treacle from almost any age group.

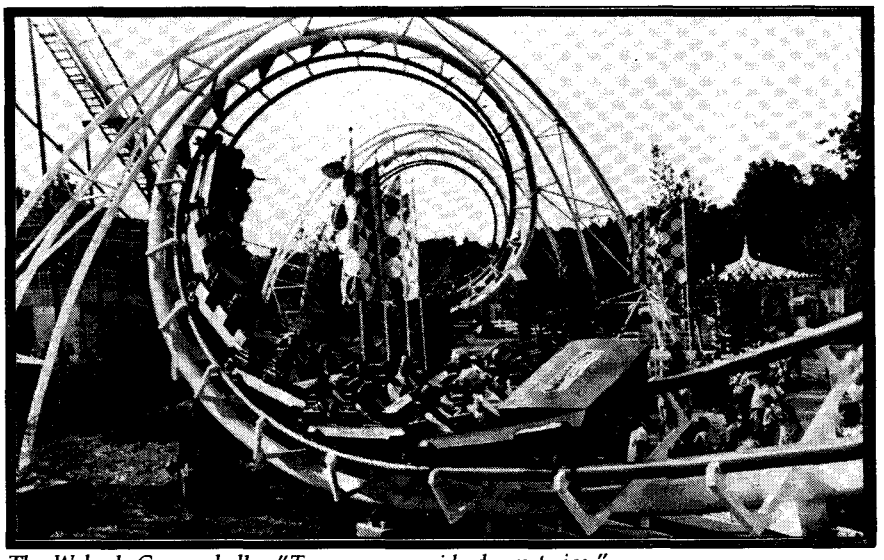
Ragtime, Gibson Girls, and lots of George M. Cohan are swirled into a turn-of-the-century show called *For Me and My Gal*. The perennial "I Hear America Singing" is a flag-waver in the "Up with People" style that traces the nation's history through song.

OPRYLAND'S ACRES are subdivided into music-minded neighborhoods. New Orleans stages a Dixieland show, and its Café Mardi Gras, in a loose reach for the French flavor that hangs over the delta, serves A La Burgers, Olé Burgers, and U.S. Burgers. For dessert, one can report to La Fudgerie. On the other hand, the Hill-Country Area is meant to be a chunk of Appalachian outback where the Country Kettle dishes up a bowl of white beans and ham hocks served with corn cakes.

Those culinary treasures, sometimes spelled in a version of hill-country talk—an embellishment I shall spare you—go down easily with bluegrass and other country music that emanate from the Folk Music Theatre.

The Fifties, which provided a music and a culture quite their own, are recalled with historical tendresse in the quarter known as Doo Wah Diddy City. In that preserve, the hostesses perform with hula-hoops, and the clean-up squad travels about wearing saddle shoes and roller skates. Groups resurrect the music of the Fifties in the Juke Box Theatre, which has a second stage in back known as The Flip Side Theater. Lots of Chubby Checker stuff here, and in keeping with that era in which "The Twist" was the hymn of the times, even the hamburger stand is known as Chubby's Drive-In.

A big weekend in these purlieus might include an arch-straining day at Opryland, followed by dinner at Old Hickory; and if one is lucky, a night at the Grand Ole Opry. The country and western show plays there on Friday and Saturday nights, and there are often added matinees. There is something that is somehow incongruous about choosing between southern velvet (oysters, shallots, cream, white Burgundy, combined "in a manner favored by Andrew Jackson at Rips Raps, an island retreat off Norfolk, Virginia, that served as the presidential vacation home") and the chateaubriand bouqetière for two ("Created by the chef of François René de Chateaubriand, French author, diplomat, and political leader, this double cut of beef tenderloin served with sauce Béarnaise



The Wabash Cannonball—"Turns you upside down twice."

gained international favor during Andrew Jackson's time") in a svelte corner of Old Hickory and then plunging into the vast modern arena that is the new Grand Ole Opry to find the proceedings more folksy than a Grange supper. On the night I was there, with tickets in hand for the second show, the performers included Roy Acuff, Grandpa Jones, George Hamilton IV, and Hank Snow, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Haven Hamilton in the film *Nashville*, which as far as epics go ranks in these parts with *The Birth of a Nation*. Each performer went on the air

America Singing—*"Flag-waver."*

sponsored by such patrons as Beechnut Chewing Tobacco, Trailblazer dog foods, and Baltz's country ham and sausage meats. A large advertising billboard carrying the company's message was unrolled in back of the performers as they stepped to the microphone, and as was the practice in the warm old days of live radio, played in front of audiences, the announcer often asked for applause.

As with the audience—one must stay in step with the local idiom—we munched on Goo-Goo Clusters, which are not exactly a misnomer and come with a guarantee to remove any bridgework not cemented down with Epoxy, and marveled at the rapturous attention all this twanging was getting from the assemblage.

When we slipped out, Hank Snow was alone at the microphone, holding 4,400 people in thrall by singing the sad ballad of "Old Shep," the musical saga of a pup who grew up with his master, even saved him once during a tricky interlude at the old swimming hole, but finally, with old-dog age, had to be put to rest. "Not a dry eye in the house," whispered a Tennessee friend guiding me out through the wings.

After that moment of doloroso, we stopped for a nightcap at the Stagedoor Lounge of the Opryland Hotel, where we found a table up in the rafters from which we could look down on Darleen Shadeen, the featured performer, a comely lady done up in red top hat, red jacket, and slacks to match.

After an interval of disco numbers that lured a number of gyrators out of the tiers and onto the dance floor, Darleen commanded the stage again and swung into a monumental rendition of "Dixie." It rose like a stirring hymn, backed as it was by a nest of noise producers that included a Cruman Traveler T1 organ, a Yamaha electric grand piano, an Arp Imni synthesizer, an Arp 2600 synthesizer, a Hohner D-6 clavinet, a Rhodes electric piano, as well as an assortment of keyboard amplifiers, guitars, and drums. It went off in a rumble of decibels and emotion and came to a close with a spluttering detonation of rebel yells and loud shouts from the customers. It seemed a propitious moment for a visiting Yank to slink off to bed, hopefully unnoticed, unaccosted, and unset upon. ◉

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SPORTING LIFE

Hungry Tigers

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

BY THE TIME the Detroit Tigers reached Baltimore, just before Memorial Day, they occupied one of those illusory positions, almost unique to baseball standings, in which a team seems to be rolling along in first place but is actually a half game off the pace because another team has played more games. In the newspapers, the arithmetical quirk looks like this:

	WON	LOST	%	GAMES BEHIND
DETROIT	23	12	.657	½
BOSTON	24	14	.650	——

But baseball statistics, like paint-by-number landscapes, are significant only when you begin filling in the details. You need to know, for example, that the Tigers' starting lineup averages a mite under twenty-five years of age, with less than three years' playing experience in the majors; that the majority of the roster are hot off the Tigers' minor league farm club in Evansville, Indiana, more than grateful for the opportunity to play in "the Bigs," eager to strut their stuff, and generally sport higher batting averages than salaries.

The oracles of the sporting press looked these Tiger kids up and down and snickered, "Maybe decent enough for a gentlemanly third place."

But one needs to see the gently smiling crow's-feet around the eyes of Ralph Houk, that ancient and venerable Detroit manager whose teams finished fourth, fifth, and sixth in their past three campaigns. Houk's smile is a bulwark against impatience. It refuses to disappear even when one of his young charges boots a grounder, misses a cutoff man, or rashly throws to the wrong base, as rookies have been known to do. Houk sticks his fists deep into the pockets of his nylon warm-up jacket and says nothing. He's not preachy, nor is he a straw boss; perhaps that's because he recognizes the iron law of life that Young Turks exist only for the specific purpose of knocking off the old guard.

"Sure, Boston and New York are better than us," the Detroit manager admits. "We've got young players who are going to get better. They've got name players, but veterans don't usually improve. Right now, I believe we have the best young team in the American League. We've *developed* more players than any team in baseball. What we've got to do now is put this thing together. It's tough because we're competing against teams that have spent millions of dollars. We don't have any Reggie Jacksons, paid $3 million to come play for a while. I think a ball club you develop is a lot better than one you go out and buy."

And so does John Fetzer, the Tigers' owner. Fetzer, a seventy-eight-year-old Detroit media mogul with no heirs and a mile-wide streak of thriftiness, runs his franchise on the principle that given time, the proper advice, and Houk's encouragement, hungry young bloods earning their first tenderloin will outproduce the fat cat free agents. According to Fetzerism, you build up your team not with fancy trades and costly plunges into the free-agent pool but with sharp scouting of colleges, crafty drafting, and shrewd promotions from the farm system straight to the Tiger lineup.

The Kansas City Royals have employed a similar philosophy in creating a perennial division winner, and the Chicago White Sox' president, Bill Veeck, annually strings together a motley crew of teen-agers and castoffs (mainly because the White Sox can't afford better). But no one in the leagues has out-Fetzered Fetzer in forming a high-potential, low-wage team. According to Major League Players' Association figures, the Tigers rank twenty-second among the 26 clubs in total payroll, with an average salary of $46,000, as compared with the major league average of $75,000. Callers at the Tigers' front office are straightway informed, "We are constitutionally opposed to the creation of young sports millionaires."

For this reason, John Fetzer and the Detroit Tigers are honored wherever skinflints cling to the antique notion that the money baseball players receive should be viewed more as a child's allowance than as compensation for professional services rendered.

But salary quibbles are proper winter talk and should be banned from April through October. With the season in swing, the thing to do is to forget that agents and contracts exist, and the better thing to do is to note how refreshing it is to see Detroit's ingenues playing energetic, heads-up baseball. But the best thing is to listen—amid whirring blow dryers and snapping jockstraps in the locker room—to the forgivable arrogance of twenty-four-year-old first baseman Jason Dolph Thompson and twenty-four-year-old left fielder Steve Kemp, who came east just a few weeks ago, warning that the Tigers could wrest the pennant from the Red Sox and the Yankees.

There is eagerness aplenty in the Tigers' dugout as streams of tobacco juice splat on the floor, like hailstones plunking on a tin roof. One of the most eager is lead-off man Ron LeFlore, a paroled convict the Tigers signed after an exhibition game at Southern Michigan Prison. LeFlore really arrived last year, collecting 212 hits, a .325 average, and 39 stolen bases, thereby becoming the first Tiger to steal 20 or more bases four seasons in a row since Ty Cobb did that more than 60 years ago. Cobb was certainly the meaner runner, but LeFlore is probably faster and is surely more impetuous. He's been joined by a second sprinter—twenty-one-year-old Lou Whitaker, called up by Houk from Evansville this spring. Slim and spidery, Sweet Lou brought with him the reputation of having been the Florida State League's MVP in 1976, with 48 stolen bases. He accounted for Detroit's only win of the Baltimore series, stealing second base in the eighth inning of the second game, then scoring on Kemp's single through the left side for a one-run lead. If the LeFlore-Whitaker punch accounts for an extra dozen runs per season, this factor alone may lift the Tigers into contention.

THE VIRTUE of base path speed becomes apparent when you get down to the Detroit "tater hitters," the term the picturesque George Scott uses to refer to legitimate sluggers. Rusty Staub, a thirty-four the old man of the club, exemplifies how the designated-hitter rule should work in ideal form, granting an underrated star a few career stretching years of grace. Staub provides not only stability to the young team but also clutch hits. Last year, he drove in the winning run 10 times and was second in the league with go ahead runs batted in. At the plate Staub reminds one of a tugboat—stubby, slow, hauling his considerable tonnage with endearing determination

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He heaves up barrel chest first, rubs the bat up and down his crotch, spits into his hands, plants himself squarely, chokes halfway up the bat shaft, leans over, and gobs into the dirt: That's how you know he's ready.

Staub appears to have decided to teach young Kemp the ropes before retiring and following his second passion, gourmet cooking. "Like, Rusty, he's really helped me at the plate a lot," Kemp told me. "What to look for with certain pitchers or when you're ahead of the count, to wait for your pitch. Also, in spring training, to know my own limitations and not try to kill every pitch. I was basically a home run hitter in college, but I'm beginning to see my biggest asset as driving in runs, so I have to learn to wait and just try to meet the ball hard. That takes development of the 'mental aspects.' Rusty, he's a master at that. He tells me how to read certain pitchers, you know, like with Jim Palmer. He'll try to get you to swing at his high fast ball, which has a tendency to rise, which is why so many batters pop up against him. I'm leading the league in walks, so right off you can tell I'm not as free-swinging as I used to be." Such can be the effects when an old tug nudges along a sleek yacht.

Paul Richer

The most improved batter in the lineup is John Wockenfuss. Wockenfuss went from a .225 average in 1976 to a .344 clip early this year by adopting one of the most eccentric batting stances in recorded baseball history. Batting righty, he first puts his left foot deep in the plate-side corner of the batter's box. Then he puts his right foot behind it in the far left corner—virtually turning his back to the pitcher. Instead of holding the bat over his right shoulder like a normal human being, Wockenfuss holds it in front of his *left* shoulder, scrunches down so his eyes are about letter high, and wiggles his fingers like Benny Goodman playing a fast riff. "I was playing down in Puerto Rico over the winter," he explained, "and Doc Edwards [his manager] kept telling me, 'Don't cut down, don't cut down on it.' So I changed my stance to cut up. I can see the ball coming a lot better when I kind of sight the pitcher along my wrists out in front of my face. I kind of get down there real low and look around. The fingers? Oh, I just do that to relax." Wockenfuss bridles at the suggestion that his new stance is a symptom of flakiness: "Hell, I raised my average 125 points."

The real stud of the side is Jason Dolph Thompson, who looks like the star of after-shave commercials he will soon be. California blond with blond moustache, Thompson has the he-man build TV directors and high school coaches adore—massive, rounded shoulders, oak-trunk arms tapering down to muscular legs that look like illustrations from Gray's *Anatomy*. His power is mind boggling. In his first full major league season, last year, Thompson hammered 31 home runs and drove in 105. Two of his homers sailed completely over the third deck of the right field stands in Tiger Stadium and out into Babe Ruth Land. (Ruth's seven hundredth career homer was also retrieved from Plum Street, behind Tiger Stadium, some 850 feet from home plate.) Like many great long-ball hitters, Thompson frequently strikes out swinging for the fences. On natural strength alone however, he may hit 50 or 60 homers some year.

But it's a foregone conclusion that Thompson and Fetzer won't mix smoothly. The first baseman refused to report to spring training this year until Fetzer relented and raised his salary to $65,000. The questions now are, Will Thompson enter the free-agent market when he's eligible or will the Tigers trade him first?

Apropos of Thompson and free agents, I noticed that when Reggie Jackson's name flashed on the electronic scoreboard at his former home field, in Baltimore, a chorus of booing followed. "They ain't booing Reggie," explained my taxi driver later. "They booing the Orioles' owners for letting him go. We love to see these free-agent guys come back and put the Orioles in the basement where they belong 'cause they too scared to put out the money." The more fans I've talked to, the more convinced I've become that nothing matters to them but keeping their stars home and winning, no matter the cost. By and large, fans don't begrudge paying athletes the way envious reporters and stingy team owners do. If Thompson wants to drive a Rolls-Royce, so be it. Better he should drive one in Motown than go off and win pennants for the enemy.

For posterity's sake, I should record that the Tigers came into Baltimore leading the American League in batting at .292. They spent the next three, rather glum evenings at Memorial Stadium digging their own grave. They produced five runs in losing three of the four games. Finally, the Tigers flew to Boston, where the wake took place at Fenway Park. When I returned from my Memorial Day holiday, I thought I'd somehow lost track of the entire summer, because the standings had acquired a distinctly autumnal tinge:

	WON	LOST	%	GAMES BEHIND
BOSTON	33	15	.688	——
NEW YORK	29	15	.659	2
DETROIT	24	20	.545	7

In the meantime, the worse news for Detroit was that Mark "The Bird" Fidrych was out for the season with arm trouble and Dave Rozema, the twenty-two-year-old right-hander who burned up the American League last year as rookie pitcher of the year, is lost in the evil valley of the tendonitis. Both Tiger aces are known to have injured their arms by bearing down terribly hard, burning in low fast balls in an effort to overpower hitters in late innings. The more experienced pitchers—the Palmers, Seavers, and Tiants—have learned to mix fast balls with off-speed stuff.

The Tigers may discover that passionate enthusiasm is as dangerous as veterans' complacency. Houk must teach his young men to strive for the right balance. If he does, the Tigers will take a pennant one day soon, perhaps even a world championship. And that's the surest way of gluing the Tigers' stars to Detroit, since athletes dote sentimentally on the site of their past glories. ●

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Editorial: The Doctor as Artist and Philosopher

QUESTION: A great deal of what medical students learn in their formal scientific education will become outdated within a decade or two after graduation. True or false?

ANSWER: True.

Obviously, manifestly, remorselessly true. The factual base in medicine has steadily changed in response to new findings about the nature of disease and the treatment of disease. The inevitable question that arises from such developments is whether any field of knowledge can change so widely and so consistently and still be called a science. An even more troubling question: How durable is medical education if a substantial amount of what is taught has to be replaced regularly? Does the doctor become obsolete along with the outdated knowledge base?

These questions would be morose and indeed intimidating were it not for two highly pertinent considerations. The first is that the system for teaching scientific knowledge is as important as, and in some ways more important than, the knowledge itself. We refer, of course, to the scientific method. The way new facts are discovered and developed; the way these facts are scrutinized and put to the test; in short, the way theory is translated into practice—this is what endures and what gives science its essential character. Respect for the scientific method is a vital ingredient in any medical education.

The second distinguishing characteristic of a good medical education is that it involves more than science. Medicine is an art and indeed a philosophy. Science puts its emphasis on facts; art and philosophy put their emphasis on values—values that come out of the memory of the race and that have something to do with the importance of being human. Values, in effect, constitute a moral system that transcends change. When the values are strong enough and good enough, changes in science can be fitted into the lives of people, making it unnecessary to fit people into change.

Art is the supreme means for producing creative distortions—sometimes magnificent, sometimes terrifying—that can penetrate the false realities. Art is a system for living with unpredictables. Anyone who wants to pursue the great mysteries must be prepared to struggle with imponderables and take refuge in the imagination. "Let others wrangle, I will wonder," said Saint Augustine. Art is a way of getting through to the human subconscious, enabling people to have a greater sense of their uniqueness and fragility and preciousness than they can experience through any of the more systematic approaches.

Philosophy serves as the great unifier of science and art. Philosophy creates new energies by connecting the human mind to useful questions. Philosophy also provides the means for avoiding collisions not just between past and present but between people who think systematically and people who are accustomed to great leaps of the imagination. Most of all, however, philosophy enables a physician to be governed by attitudes that can supersede and superintend change.

Medical science may change, but the need to understand and deal with human beings remains constant. Nothing is more important in medical education, therefore, than reverence for life, in Schweitzer's phrase. Moral values, which are an important aspect of human uniqueness, are not perishable or evanescent or replaceable. So long as the physician gives emphasis to the supreme importance of human individuality and to his own ability to earn and keep the confidence of the human beings who look to him for vital answers—so long as he can do this, he can consider himself an artist and a philosopher.

What is the most painful and devastating question that can be asked about modern medical practice? It is not whether most doctors are up to date in their knowledge or in their techniques but whether too many of them know more about disease than about the person in whom the disease exists.

The overriding issue before medicine today is one not of proficiency but of humanity. No one can any longer doubt the ability of medical technologists to devise the electronic equipment that makes precise calibrations concerning the slightest variation, for example, in the sodium-potassium exchange or the amount of energy transmitted to the human heart. But what about the extent to which foreboding or even panic engendered by those same electronic marvels can add to the disorder being calibrated? The poets used to tell us that man is the measure of all things. Are we now to believe that measures come ahead of men?

The modern doctor strides forth into the world from medical school with a certificate of learning in one hand and a vast array of exotic medications and technological devices in the other. But the humans who look to him for help are as fragile and perplexed and vulnerable as they ever were. More than anything else, they want to know that they matter. They don't want anything to come between them and their doctors—not an electronic device or even a nurse's interruption. People want their doctors to be finely tuned human beings capable of exquisite sensitivity and tenderness, not impersonal and detached super-scientists. They want to feel that the physician who is examining them is thinking of nothing else. If his telephone rings, they feel a break in the circuit and are pained by it.

Is no penalty to be attached to a process in which a human being feels less important than the illness being diagnosed and treated? If the diagnosis requires multiple examinations by various specialists, what happens to the emotional serenity that is a key factor in any recovery? Is there nothing unsettling or even terrifying about being made to run a gauntlet of different diagnostic faces, different instrumentations, and different procedures at a time when the last thing in the world a patient needs is more uncertainty? The physician celebrates computerized tomography. The patient celebrates the outstretched hand.

The effectiveness of the doctor as scientist, therefore, is tied to his qualifications as artist and philosopher. Getting through to the inner consciousness of the patient, finding the key that can release nourishing hope, switching on the body's full capacity to overcome not just disease but despair—this is what is most enduring about medicine, and this is where art and science meet.

"I feel convinced," Claude Bernard the great medical researcher, wrote more than a century ago, "that there will come a day when physiologists, poets and philosophers will all speak the same language." That day is not yet, but at least the sense of a common purpose is beginning to emerge. —N.C

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

"Nize Baby" by Thomas H. Middleton

A FEW WEEKS ago, I found Milt Gross's *Nize Baby* and *Dunt Esk!!* in a second-hand book shop. Finding them was not serendipitous. I had actually been looking for *Nize Baby*, although I can no longer remember why. I found the title in the card catalog of one of our local libraries, but the book itself wasn't there—as, I'm sure, it hasn't been for years. The other libraries I went to showed no evidence of its ever having existed. In the book shop, the copies of both books were in very good condition, so in spite of the $10 price tag on each, I bought them. I'm sure it had been at least 40 years since I'd seen either book.

It's easy to see why they're no longer much in demand. They're classics of their genre, but they are unquestionably period pieces by now. Their brand of humor is passé. It was delightful in its day, but its passing was inevitable with the passing of the reality it reflected. The "baby" of *Nize Baby* is now in his fifties, and his mother is in her seventies or eighties.

For the benefit of those who have entered the world too late for *Nize Baby* and *Dunt Esk!!*, the books are vignettes of life in a New York tenement neighborhood in the 1920s. The emphasis is on dialect humor—especially Jewish but with occasional additions of other melting-pot ingredients, like the Italian 'wachtable man," who calls, "I gotta... nonions ... stringa binz ... grappa frootz..." and the cockney bum who sings, "'Ave you 'eard of Kitty Ketchum, / Victim of a rich man's gime."

I think that probably a younger generation than mine might find the dialects as recorded in *Nize Baby* rather hard going. Dialects are much less a part of the prevalent humor today than they used to be. The one outstanding exception that springs to mind is Rita Moreno's magnificent Puerto Rican girl in *The Ritz*.

Dialects used to be a staple of American humor. Remember Allen's Alley, on the Fred Allen radio show? Titus Moody, the dry New Englander ("Howdy, Bub"), played by Parker Fennelly, who later became the spokesman for Pepperidge Fa'm; Kenny Delmar as Senator Claghorn, the corn pone politician ("That's a joke, Son!"); Ajax Cassidy ("Oi'm not long furr dis wurruld"), played by Peter Donald. And I'll never forget the night when Minerva Pious as Mrs. Nussbaum came to her door singing "How are t'ings mit Oncle Morris" to the tune of "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?"

These days, such humor would perhaps be regarded as derisive. It wasn't of course. It was warm and joyous.

I showed *Nize Baby* to a friend of mine. He's a stripling of about thirty years, and he had a great deal of trouble with it. The dialect rendering got in his way to the extent that he missed most of the humor.

Here's a section, entitled "Looy, Dot Dope, Inseests Wot He Should Mutter":

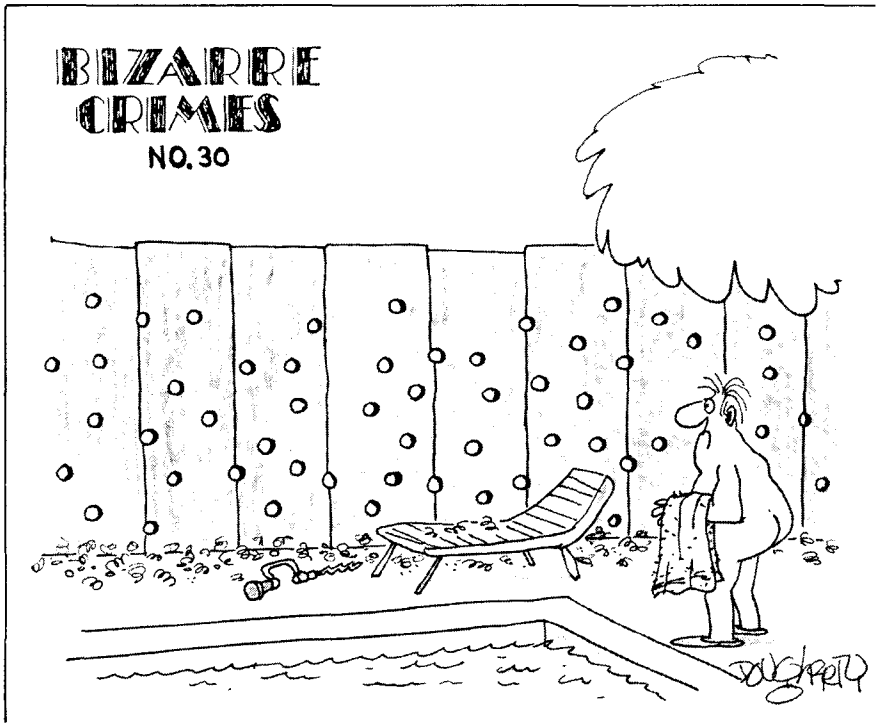
Second Floor: Hm! deed we spant it a ivvining, Mrs. Feitlebaum—dunt esk!
First Floor: So, wot did you did?
Second Floor: Hm!—wot deedn't we deedn't?!! A whole ivvining we was muttering!
First Floor: Muttering!!!
Second Floor: Yeh! Muttering!—In a mutter car, we was muttering! Was so! Mine Looy has it a frand wot dey got a huttomobill, so lest night dey deedn't know wot dey should do so dey came wit de huttomobill we should take a leedle rite!
First Floor: So, where deed you rote?
Second Floor: Hall-over. Opp witt de Concuss und don witt de Booleywott und arond a leedle in de Pock (hm! you should see wot it's going on dere in de Pock, Mrs. Feitlebaum). So mine Looy, dot dope, inseests wot he should drife de car. Noo, noo. So dunt esk!!

And so on.

I read both *Nize Baby* and *Dunt Esk!!* with very little difficulty before I was twelve years old, but I have a feeling that most modern young people would be stymied by their style. This has much less to do with any precocious talent I might have had than with the fact that people are not nearly as exposed to dialects these days as they used to be. I can't think of a single modern dialect writer, whereas my generation had the likes of Milt Gross, Arthur Kober, and Leonard Q. Ross (who sometimes calls himself Leo Rosten).

I suppose that generations earlier than mine were quite at home with the strange styles of Petroleum V. Nasby, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and Finley Peter Dunne, all of which I find difficult though at times well worth the struggle, or as Mr. Dooley would say, "the sthruggle."

It's sad to think that future generations will probably not understand Mrs. Feitlebaum; Looy, dot dop; or even the great H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N. ◉



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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Germans and Other Absurdities

by Anthony Burgess

WITH THE ARRIVAL of a sort of summer here in the south (meaning that the days, though not noticeably warmer or drier, are longer), tourists are beginning to come down from the north. The most remarkable of these—meaning to be remarked and remembered and pondered on—are the Germans. Ever since Goethe, with his *Kennst du das Land wo die Zitronen blühnn?* ("Do you know the land where the lemon trees bloom?"), the Germans have regarded it as a kind of therapeutic duty to their souls to go occasionally to where the oranges hang, like golden lamps in a green night, and sniff in, like ozone, the penitential garlic. *Dahin! Dahin!* And here they are.

I know that Denmark is very far from being in the south, but as an example of the Germans' view of themselves as welcome and even well beloved abroad, I have to give a brief account of what I encountered in a hotel in Copenhagen. The reception staff were looking goggle-eyed at a letter they had just received from Germany. The letter was from members of the SS who had been stationed at that hotel during the Occupation. They had enjoyed themselves so much, they said, that they would all like to come back for a reunion, and would the hotel please take their reservations.

I recently stayed at the Miramar, in Tangier. It was full of Germans. Because of restricted dining room space, meals had to be served in two sittings. To be sure of getting in at the first dinner, the Germans filled the tables from five o'clock on and ate the bread that was already there, occasionally calling for more. After luncheon another day, a respectable German family went round all the tables, filling a bag with lumps of sugar. The manager asked why. They were going to have a picnic, said the *Vater*, and they would be drinking tea. "You'll need milk too," said the manager, and he poured a jugful into their bag of sugar.

I suppose we're all pretty bad abroad. The response of some of us to native customs, which usually means native inefficiency, is to assert what we have been told are our national characteristics and to treat the natives to a kind of music hall exaggeration of them. A concierge who thinks of an Englishman as a *goddam ridicule* will certainly be rewarded with a "goddamn and blast it" from an English tourist who would never dream of using the expression at home. Americans sometimes blow their tops at southern insouciance. In a shipping office in Naples, I saw an American literally die of apoplexy. The Germans are not like that. If they are intellectuals, they show themselves more knowledgeable than the guides to Pompeii's ruins or Etruscan tombs. If they are *spiessbürgerlich*, they demand more food and beer than the natives consider either decent or healthful. And they are pretty sure that they are loved.

How unfair such generalizations are, and how we love making them. Hoteliers, taxi drivers, and bartenders thrive on unjust concepts of national character, and there is something in the soul of foreign tourists that abets the injustice. I believe that the current taboo on comic or contemptuous or genuinely hostile generalizing about races or nations ignores a human need, as well as an ingrained deficiency of language. We can hardly speak without generalizing; we cannot become aware of our own identity without making a swift and inevitably unjust summation of the character of another group—social or racial or national. And I don't think anybody worries much about it. Americans are known to be poor tippers. They know that, and still they don't tip any better. This pleases the poorly tipped, who are thus confirmed in their view of the traveling American, and it saves the American money. The only nation that objects to being traduced, however much they themselves traduce other nations, is the French.

I got into very hot water recently for stating lightheartedly that French is a diseased language. I said that the Latin word for water, *aqua*, has, besides giving English a word like *aquatic*, retained its identity, more or less, in most of the modern Latin languages: Spanish, *agua*; Portuguese, *água*; Italian, *acqua*; Rumanian, *apa*. Only in French has the Latin word become a kind of non-word—the single vowel *eau*. My statement was taken by certain Frenchmen as an attack on the whole national character and culture, and I was encouraged to retaliate with a stricture on French arrogance, which finds an outlet in bureaucratism and pedantry. This should have led to a lively and good-humored debate on the possibility of there being shortcomings in the French character, but all I got was more arrogance. Although Alain Peyrefitte has written a best seller called *Le Mal Français*, in which the French are castigated for being too Cartesian (i.e., pedantically logical) and insufficiently empirical (e.g., like the British), the French go on being far too sure of themselves.

They are welcome, of course, to be what they wish in areas that do not touch the stranger, but summer visitors to France will find hauteur and self-satisfaction unjustified in terms of services offered and prices charged. In a posh hotel the other night, my guests and I were given canned soup and slices of warmed-over mutton in an excess of watery gravy; the vegetable—in this garden of Europe—recognizable as Heinz baked beans. Along with this went all the panache and ritual of the most *haute cuisine* imaginable, and the bill, to match the flourishes and the condescension, was staggering. If you complain overmuch, you are impugning French honor and the maître d'hôtel may suggest pistols at dawn.

The two nations that should rigorously be kept apart from each other, despite the influence of Lafayette and Montesquieu on the first draft of the American Constitution, are the French and the Americans. The French, true, can do the Americans little harm, but once the French get hold of an American invention, they will do two things: (a) believe they first thought of it themselves; (b) pursue its implications to the horrible Cartesian conclusion. The *supermarché* is believed by many Frenchmen to be a native idea. Once establish the notion of plastic-wrapped, near consumable ordures and you end with Beaujolais in plastic bags and pâté in toothpaste tubes. Give the rationale behind short order cookery to a Frenchman, and knowing that the basic idea is to get rid of the customers as quickly as possible, he will contrive seats of excruciating discomfort, glacial coffee, and *croque-monsieur* sandwiches made of discardable putty.

The Germans, of course, do not mind. They are too well cushioned to feel discomfort, and they will empty the sugar bowls. ◉

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 64): dilate, detail, tailed

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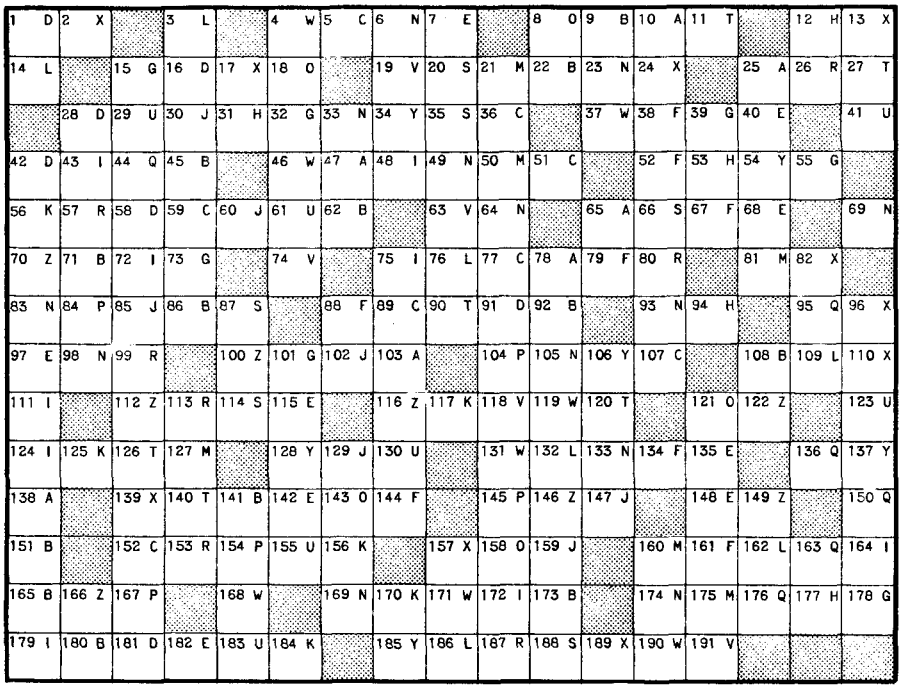
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 152

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 151*** appears on page 39.

CLUES	WORDS
A. American herb having a viscid pubescence and purple flowers	10 25 47 65 78 103 138
B. Any of various solitaire card games (2 wds.)	165 173 180 9 22 45 62 71 141 86 92 108 151
C. Shining, radiant	152 5 36 51 77 89 59 107
D. Priest of Apollo who warned the Trojans against the Trojan horse	181 1 16 28 42 58 91
E. Bankrupt	97 115 135 148 182 142 7 40 68
F. "The ____ and the pavement / Bear the clang of hurrying feet" (Aytoun, "Edinburgh after Flodden")	79 134 161 38 52 67 88 144
G. French architect (1598–1666)	15 39 55 73 101 178 32
H. American author (1850–1904) who became a Japanese citizen	53 177 12 31 94
I. Embossed, inlaid, or stamped	111 72 179 43 124 164 75 172 48
J. Renders harmless	147 159 129 30 60 85 102
K. Another name for the river Cam	125 184 56 117 156 170
L. Otalgia	14 3 186 109 162 76 132
M. American general (1885–1945)	50 175 81 127 160 21
N. Excessive reverence for churchly forms	33 98 174 6 49 69 93 105 23 133 83 169 64
O. High-strung	121 143 158 8 18
P. Company or guild of merchants in a medieval town	84 145 167 104 154
Q. One of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands	176 136 44 163 95 150
R. Give courage or confidence to	99 113 187 57 80 153 26
S. Game played with 32 cards	114 35 188 66 87 20
T. Badgers	126 140 90 120 27 11
U. All wet, wide of the mark (2 wds.)	29 130 123 41 183 155 61
V. She was given a Special Academy Award in 1954	19 74 191 63 118
W. Intimidate, bully	171 4 190 119 131 46 168 37
X. Defeats, vanquishes; topples	82 110 24 13 189 96 17 157 139 2
Y. Left jab and right cross (comp.)	34 137 54 185 106 128
Z. Kind of pine of the Pacific Coast	116 149 166 112 100 122 146 70

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THE BACK DOOR

Aging Blues

THEOLOGIANS may disagree, but I am persuaded that God concocted college class reunions to make us feel old.

They are, after all, a peculiar excuse for a party. Classmates who have remained friends should not need to depend on their alma mater to reunite them. The rest of one's class are mostly strangers. This is not to say that there might not be some engaging strangers in one's class (my wife and I, both Yale '73, met the year after graduating). Still, a long trip and a long weekend seem miles to go to meet new faces.

What lured me to my fifth reunion, this spring, was curiosity, not conviviality. One's college class is one of the few dependable measuring sticks in our nomadic modern lives, a constant to gauge history by. Classmates' bald spots and baby carriages force one to consider one's own pate and posterity.

Yale college in the fall of 1969, when most of us arrived, was a discombobulating place. Nixon and his draconian mouthpiece, Agnew, were in office. Men more or less our age were being wasted at the rate of 25 per day in Vietnam. Whatever protests we had joined in high school had scarcely prepared us for the contagious disrespect for institutions that was infecting the students at Yale and at many universities across the land. Policemen were by common consent "pigs"; judges were racists; and any incumbent politician, an unconscionable coward, unless he was running noisily for retirement. The most vehement protests I witnessed during my high school years had centered around hair length and parietals. Now we were being urged to judge a president and a foreign policy—indeed, *all* officers and institutions. "Politicize" was the new and popular verb; "polarization," apparently a fact of life.

Ill prepared to judge for ourselves, we joined the parade. Some of us tagged along wide-eyed and meek with bewilderment. Others, sensing their opportunity, became "leaders" by proclaiming the prevalent clichés with impressive certitude. Ambivalence was as embarrassing as acne. And God forbid any student be caught in a dress or a necktie.

In our second month at Yale, there was a "moratorium" day, during which we were supposed to stop doing whatever we were supposed to be doing, in order to endure antiwar speeches made on the New Haven Green. November brought a similar event in Washington. To some of us, interrupting our schooling did not seem a particularly effective or sensible means of ending a war, but few rebelled.

In April of our freshman year, Yale's classrooms were emptied by a student strike ostensibly in support of justice for Black Panther leader Bobby Seale, who was being tried for murder in New Haven. Reviewing those anxious months in an almanac recently, I was miffed to discover that Yale's traumas were not included with the entries about violence at Kent State, Harvard, San Francisco State, and Jackson State. To us—professors as well as students—New Haven in those weeks felt unnervingly like the nexus of a revolution that would utterly unravel society as we knew it.

We were, in a sense, disappointed—not so much by the fact that the anticipated "revolution" amounted to no more than a few loudmouths goading National Guardsmen as by our own innocence. Gullible kids, we had believed that we could somehow topple a government with proclamations and tossed bricks. We had suspected that if *we* believed strongly enough in our cause, then everybody else would too. Our overheated and underinformed imaginations had discerned the body politic gathering against the government like a tidal wave. Whether or not we wanted the revolution, we disliked having been wrong about its inevitability. It made us feel stupid, childish. May Day, our D day at Yale, vaguely annoyed us by coming and going peacefully. The apparent fairness of Bobby Seale's trial annoyed us (he was eventually acquitted). The sudden return to normality and routine—Kingman Brewster called the tranquillity "eery"—seemed an insult to our perspicacity. Quietly, a touch sheepishly, we gathered up our books to prepare for the fall makeup exams necessitated by the strike and went home.

I suspect that the spring of 1970 marked the beginning of my class's (and perhaps the country's) often noted swing back to conservatism. Having been so wrong about the impending revolution, we determined to focus our energy and attention on what was knowable and possible. Unprecedented percentages of our class elected to become doctors and lawyers. Those who continued to work for political ends focused their energy and attention on electing particular politicians and on organizing at the grass roots level. Those who longed to retain that exhilarating pre-May Day sense of self-importance could do so only by dropping out of society at large and dropping into antisocial pursuits like drugs or Eastern religions.

Those of us who returned to Yale for our fifth reunion were mostly the doers—recently credentialed lawyers and doctors, teachers, businessmen. If one recalled our swaggering certainty at Yale—how sure we had been that cops were pigs, and judges, racists—the focused and unfanciful talk about present projects was both saddening and heartening. A man who had once led a "Ho-Ho-Ho-Chi Minh" cheer with a prophet's passion now detailed the merits of some impending clean-water bill. A woman who had scowled through Yale in the name of feminism had become an ingratiating pediatrician.

Growing up means becoming smaller in the mind's eye, less crucial to the scheme of things. As our class o Old Blues sang "For God, for Country and for Yale" and (as per tradition waved our pocket handkerchiefs in the air, we seemed to be less celebrating than saying good-bye to those reckless and exhilarating dreams we had shared of effecting great change in a stubborn and slow-moving world.

—CARLL TUCKE

Wit Twister No. 123

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. *Answers on page 58.*

He loved to — — — — — —
on some famous case,
Omitting no — — — — — —
of time or place
In telling how the suspect, — —
— — — —and tracked,
Was snared in tightly woven webs
of fact. A.S.

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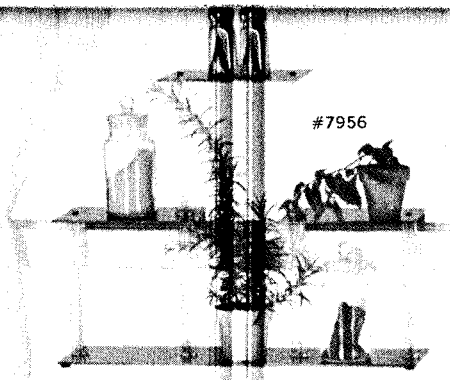

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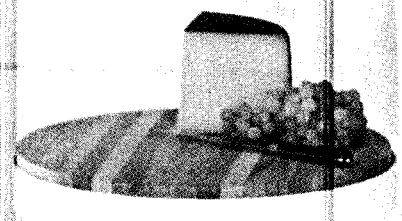

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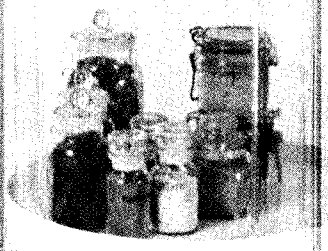

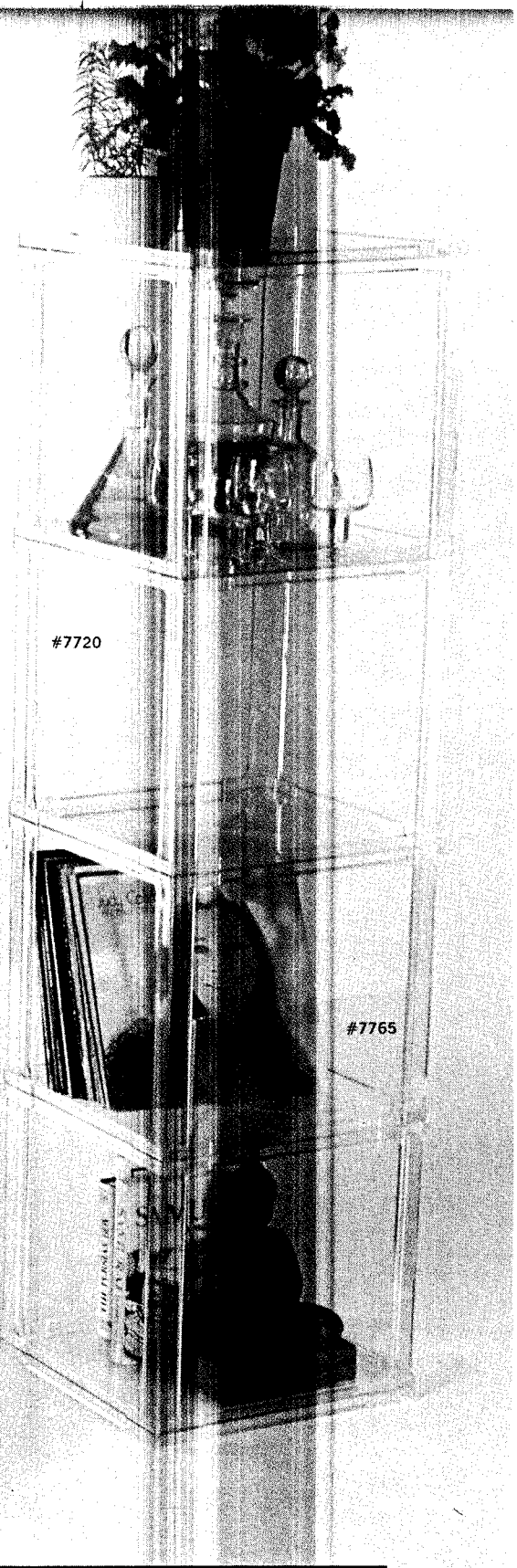

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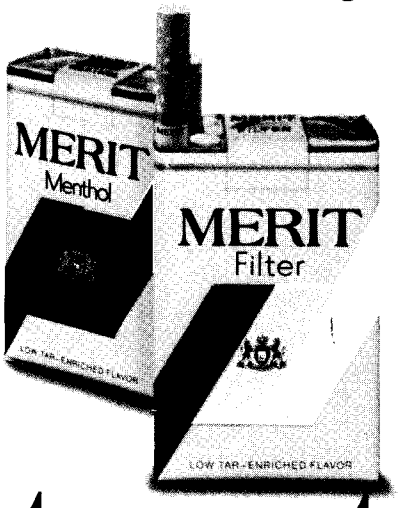

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